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AND ITS

# DESTRUCTION.

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A HISTORY OF THE

# GREAT CONFLAGRATION

A Full and Graphic account of its Destruction by Fire  
on the 9th and 10th of November, 1872.

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ILLUSTRATED.

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PUBLISHED BY  
WILLIAM FLINT & CO.,  
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1872.

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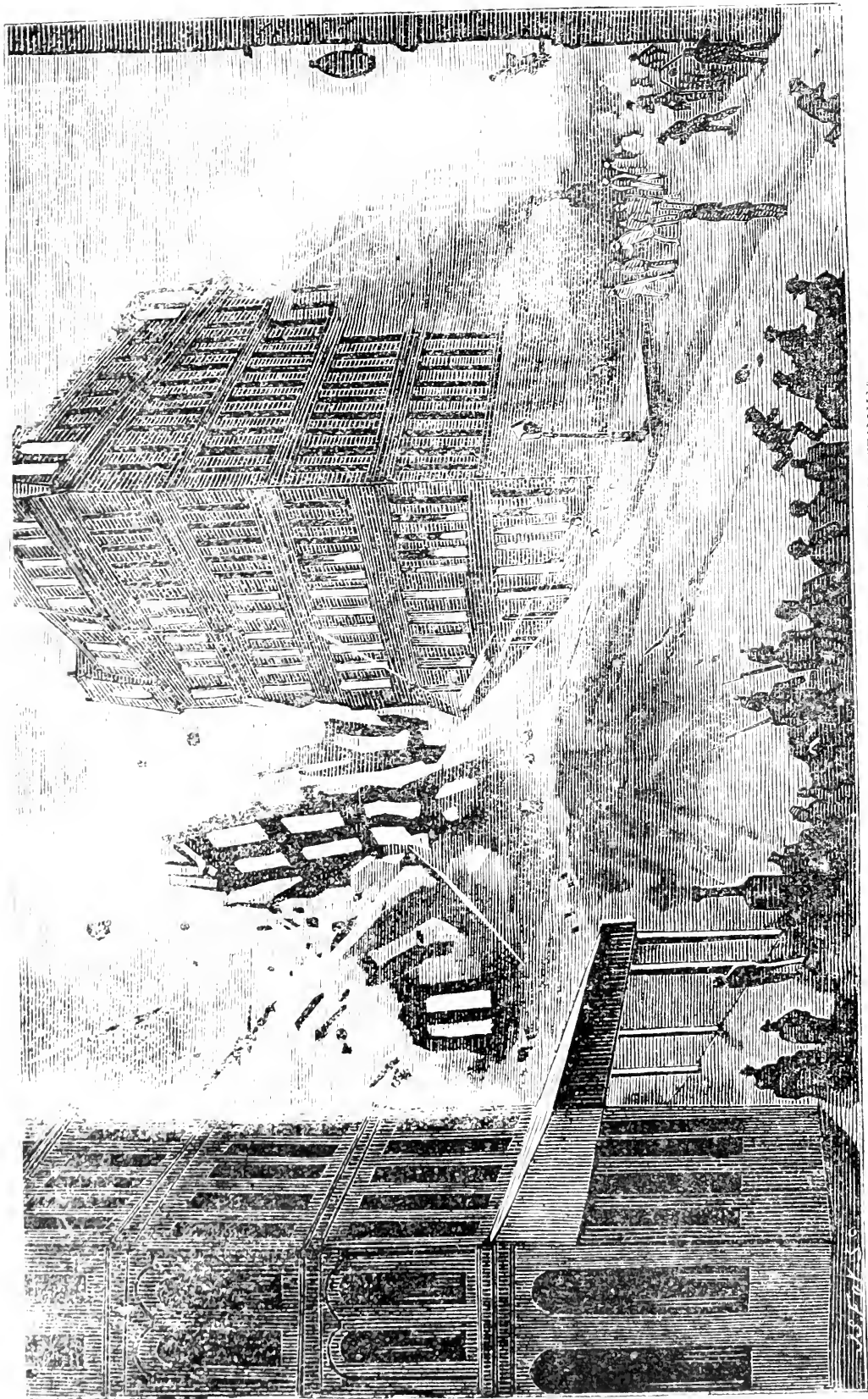
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# HISTORY

OF THE

# GREAT CONFLAGRATION;

OR,

# BOSTON AND ITS DESTRUCTION.

EMBRACING

A BRIEF HISTORY OF ITS EARLY SETTLEMENT  
AND PROGRESS TO DATE:

TOGETHER WITH

A FULL AND GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF ITS DESTRUCTION BY FIRE,

ON THE

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## P R E F A C E.

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THE aim of this work is to give a connected and concise history of the great fire in Boston on the 9th and 10th days of November, 1872, by which, to use a vigorous expression, the very vitals of the city were consumed. This great disaster has no parallel in modern history, save in the single instance of the destruction of Chicago. So rapid a spread of the fiery element, so immense a destruction of property, such universal and wide-spread suffering, is rare, indeed, and for this, let us be thankful. In this work, we take up the whole subject, and set it forth in graphic details, presenting an account of the origin of the fire, its spread, and final arrest, a careful resume of the losses, and of the effect upon the business community, the incidents accompanying the calamity, and such other facts as will interest and inform the general reader. Nothing of value has been omitted from its pages.



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DIAGRAM OF THE BUR



ED DISTRICT OF BOSTON.



# BOSTON.

## ITS EARLY SETTLEMENT AND PROGRESS.

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### *A History of the Famous City.*

OF all American cities, Boston has long been the most universally admired one. To the cosmopolitan features of New York, it adds the staid and conservative traits of Philadelphia, overcasting both with a layer of intellectual culture, and æsthetic refinement. The courage and enterprise of Chicago, the venturesomeness of New York and the whole American spirit are combined in its commercial pursuits, savored with a probity that has made the honor of its merchants proverbial. The intellectual centre of the nation, its halls answering to the groves of Athens, where Socrates taught philosophy, and whence came those divine works of the ancient Greeks—its hold upon the affections of our people is peculiar. We admire it for being what we are not, for the possession of those qualities denied us. We can realize from these facts, the wide spread consternation with which the American people awoke on the beautiful Sabbath morning of November 10th, 1872, to hear that one-third of this famous old city was in ashes; that its great commer-

cial palaces were crumbling to dust, its historic treasures being swept away and the old land marks of early American patriotism effaced. It was the oldest of American cities, and perhaps the richest of them all in historic recollections; the proudest and in many respects the most cultured and intellectual; the birth-place of Franklin, John Adams, Hancock and Warren; the scene of the first battle between the patriots and the British soldiery; the home of Webster, Everett, Sumner and Emerson, and the other great lights that illumine the nation's past or present.

Fortunately, however, later news modified the first wild reports, and relieved the national suspense. The first was limited, and naught but the business portion of the city was consumed. This occasion furnishes us an opportunity for a brief reference to the history of the New England metropolis. Although in the race for supremacy, it has been surpassed by other cities, its growth has still been remarkable. Its existence too has not been so checkered as that of some others; but it has had, nevertheless, an eventful experience which, culminating in the great conflagration, (the subject of the work) has almost the charm of a romance. The first settlement on the present site of Boston was made in 1630 by a number of the emigrants wandering southward from Salem, their landing place. The Indians called the place Shawmut; the first white men, from its geographical conformity, Trimountain. The aboriginal name and the white men's title were both discarded, and Boston fixed upon, on the 6th of September, 1630, in honor of the English

birthplace of one of the inhabitants of the colony, and of the old home of many of them. The first settler was a Mr. William Blackstone, who sold his rights to the new comers, and withdrew to Rhode Island. The town soon became the centre and metropolis of Massachusetts, and, therefore, of all New England. It grew rapidly, and prospered. Towns sprung up all around it, and in 1630 we read of a muster of militia on the Common, in which a thousand able-bodied armed men took part. In 1674 there were fifteen hundred families in the town, and one hundred and twenty thousand white inhabitants in New England.

*Its Early Character.*

A view of the quaint little city in the latter part of the seventeenth century, is afforded in a book published in London in 1699, descriptive of a visit to the New World. The writer says, "that kissing a woman in public, though offered as a courteous salutation, was visited with the heavy punishment of whipping for both the offenders." There were even then "stately edifices, some of which have cost the owners two or three thousand pounds sterling," from which fact the author thinks "that a fool and his money is soon parted; and set a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to the devil, for the fathers of these men were tinkers and peddlers." Mr. Daniel Neal, who wrote a book a few years later, found "the conversation in this town as polite as in most of the cities and towns in England," and he describes the houses, furniture, tables and dress

as being quite as splendid and showy as those of the most considerable tradesmen in London. These remarks—the one rather ill-natured, and the other, perhaps, too flattering—show the bent of New England character even at that early date, and the most ordinary of minds can, from them, logically trace the growth of the present Athens.

*Down to the Revolutionary Period.*

Our young metropolis steadily extended its limits and commerce. In 1700, there were forests of masts in its harbor, and in 1719, twenty-four thousand tons of shipping were cleared from the port. At this time it was the wealthiest and most populous city upon the continent. It had its moral and intellectual growth also. The early Puritans were God-fearing people, and churches and schools were reared contemporaneously with their dwelling houses. In 1704, the first newspaper published in the colonies, appeared here under the name of the *Boston News Letter*, and two years later occurred the birth of Benjamin Franklin, the first great American journalist, and of the great men whose names shed lustre upon the rugged pages of our country's early history. The town continued to grow, and its people to increase. Harvard College was founded, more newspapers were printed, intelligence spread abroad, and independence and patriotism were formed.



*Troublous Times.*

This hurried review brings us down to 1770, about which time began that series of incidents that resulted in the War of Independence and these United States. No part of our history is more interesting, none so useful to posterity or in shaping the sentiments of the generations that have sprung from the loins of the men who fought the first battle of freedom on this continent. Boston was now a great town, the centre of a wealthy and prosperous State. Its people were citizens of no mean city, and proud of the fact. For long years before the final acts of aggression of the mother country aroused their indignation to the point of open resistance, they had resented with force and feeling, the constant interference in their home affairs.

In 1747 the city was the scene of a great riot, caused by an outrage of certain British naval officers in impressing the freemen into the service of his Majesty. The Stamp Act followed, and then March, 1770, came the Boston Massacre, growing out of the hostility between the citizens and the soldiery. The funeral of the victims brought together a vast concourse from all parts of New England, and gave the press, earnest for the cause of the people, a new text upon which to base their attacks upon the home government and appeals to the people. The next outburst of patriotism was

*The Destruction of Tea*

in the harbor. The ships having "the detested tea" on board arrived the last of November and the first of December, 1773. Having kept watch over the ships to prevent the landing of any of the tea until the sixteenth of December, and having failed to compel the consignees to send the cargoes back to England, the people were holding a meeting on the subject on the afternoon of the 16th, when a formal refusal by the governor of a permit for the vessels to pass the castle without a regular custom-house clearance was received. The meeting broke up, and the whole assembly followed a party of thirty persons disguised as Indians to Griffin's (now Liverpool) wharf, where the chests were broken open, and their contents emptied into the dock. The secret of the participators in this affair has been well kept, and it is doubtful if any additional light will ever be thrown upon it.

*In the War*

Boston played a prominent part, and suffered in proportion. General Washington took command of the American army July 2d, 1775, in Cambridge, but did not attack Boston for many months. During the winter its hardships were very great. On the 4th of March, 1776, the Americans took possession of the Dorchester Heights, which commanded the harbor, and General Howe's position becoming perilous, he evacuated the town on the 17th of December. No

attempt was made to recapture the town during the war, and it emerged from it the first town in the country in point of wealth, if not of population. It immediately entered upon a course of prosperity which has continued with few interruptions down to the present time.

*In 1812, and During the Rebellion.*

The most serious interruption to its general prosperity was the war of 1812, which, like nearly all New England, it opposed. Massachusetts then owned nearly one-third of our commercial marine, and the Embargo Act of 1807, out of which the war grew, was a serious blow to her interests. Boston, however, liberally responded to the call for troops, and played an active part in the struggle. Her harbor was the scene of the celebrated battle between the Chesapeake and the Shannon.

Again, during the rebellion, Boston, having been one of the foremost communities in opposition to slavery, was a leader on the side of the Union in this war, in which she only took part by furnishing men and means to carry it on at a distance, and in supporting it by the cheering and patriotic words of those who remained at home. Her history is that of Massachusetts. During the four years of conflict, the city and State responded promptly to every call of every nature from the General Government, and furnished troops for every department of the army, and money in abundance to carry on the war and to relieve suffering in the field. Boston alone sent into the army

and navy no less than twenty-six thousand one hundred and nineteen men, of whom six hundred and eighty-five were commissioned officers. Boston retained its town government until 1822. The subject of changing to the forms of an incorporated city was much discussed as early as 1784, but a vote of the town in favor of the change was not carried until January, 1822, when the citizens declared, by a majority of about six thousand five hundred out of about fifteen thousand votes, their preference for a city government. The Legislature passed an act incorporating the city in February of the same year, and on the 4th of March the charter was formally accepted. The city government consisting of a Mayor, Mr. John Phillips as chief executive officer, and a City Council composed of boards of eight alderman and forty-eight common councilmen, was organized on May 1st.

### *Its Commercial Importance.*

During the last half century the commercial importance of Boston has experienced a reasonably steady and constant development. The industries of New England have, in that time grown to immense proportions, and Boston is the natural market and distributing point for the most of them. The increase of population, and the still more rapid aggregation of wealth, tell the story far more effectively than words can do it. In 1790 the population of the town was but eighteen thousand and thirty-three. The combined population of the three towns of Boston, Roxbury,

and Dorchester at intervals of ten years, is given in the following table;

Year.	Population.
1800 . . . . .	30,049
1810 . . . . .	40,386
1820 . . . . .	51,117
1830 . . . . .	70,713
1840 . . . . .	107,347
1850 . . . . .	163,214
1860 . . . . .	212,746
1870 . . . . .	250,526

The valuation of real and personal property in the last forty years shows a still more marvellous increase. The official returns at intervals of five years show:

Year.	Valuation.
1835 . . . . .	\$79,302,600
1840 . . . . .	94,531,600
1845 . . . . .	135,948,700
1850 . . . . .	180,000,500
1855 . . . . .	241,932,200
1860 . . . . .	278,861,000
1865 . . . . .	371,892,775
1870 . . . . .	584,089,400

In 1840 the average amount of property owned by each inhabitant of Boston, was less than \$900, but in 1870 it had increased to an average of more than \$2,300, and the value of all the property in Boston is more than seven times as great as it was thirty-five years ago.

*Growth.*

The growth of Boston has, notwithstanding these very creditable figures, been seriously retarded by the lack of room for expansion. Until the era of railroads it was impracticable for gentlemen doing business in Boston, to live far from its corporate limits. Accordingly it was necessary to "make land" by filling the flats as soon as the dimensions of the peninsula began to be too contracted for the population, and business gathered upon it. Some very old maps show how early this enlargement was commenced; and hardly any two of these ancient charts agree.

During the present century very great progress has been made. All the old ponds, coves, and creeks have been filled in, and on the south and southwest the connection with the mainland has been so widened that it is now as broad as the broadest part of the original peninsula, and the work is not yet finished. In other respects the improvements have been immense. All the hills have been cut down, and one of them has been entirely removed. The streets which were formerly so narrow and crooked as to give point to the joke that they were laid out upon the paths made by the cows in going to pasture have been widened, straightened, and graded. Whole districts covered with buildings of brick and stone have been raised, with the structures upon them, many feet. The city has extended its authority over the island known as Noddle's Island, now East Boston, which was almost uninhabited and unimproved until its purchase on

speculation in 1830; over South Boston, once Dorchester Neck, annexed to Boston in 1804; and finally by legislative acts and the consent of the citizens, over the ancient municipalities of Roxbury and Dorchester.

The original limits of Boston comprised but six hundred and ninety acres. By filling in flats eight hundred and eighty acres have been added. By the absorption of South and East Boston, and by filling the flats surrounding these districts, seventeen hundred acres more were acquired, and Roxbury contributed twenty-one hundred acres and Dorchester forty-eight hundred. The entire present area of the city is, therefore, ten thousand one hundred and seventy acres—nearly fifteen times as great as the original area. Meanwhile the numerous railroads radiating from Boston and reaching to almost every village within thirty miles, have rendered it possible for business men to make their homes far away from their counting-rooms. By this means scores of suburban towns, unequalled in extent and beauty by those surrounding any other great city of the country have been built up, and the value of property in all the eastern part of Massachusetts has been very largely enhanced. These towns are most intimately connected with Boston in business and social relations, and, in a sense, form a part of the city.





# THE GREAT FIRE.

## ITS ORIGIN AND PROGRESS.

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*A Clear and Connected Narrative.*

ON Saturday evening, November 9th, 1872, about seven o'clock, a fire broke out in the large five story granite building Nos. 87, 89 and 91 Summer street, Boston. The fire commenced with great fury. Before a mere handful of spectators had reached the spot, enormous volumes of smoke and flame were issuing from the rear of the structure. This was surmounted by the inevitable and dangerous Mansard roof, fatally overtopping all the surrounding buildings. Soon as the flames began to extend to the story under the roof, when there was not a solitary engine or hose carriage on the ground, the flames were bursting from the rear and lower stories of the building. In less than twenty minutes the entire broad front, extending for one hundred feet along Kingston street, was covered with flame. The Summer street front was at once in the same condition. The intensity of the heat from the fire in Summer street was so great that the firemen were driven from the neighborhood. Then to complete the trouble sprang up a strong wind from the northwest.

*The Flames leaping from house to house.*

The buildings in the vicinity were all of granite, four stories high, and each surmounted with a Mansard roof, none of them being over five years old. The detached splinters flew readily as the air was warmed by the terrible heat, and soon flames began licking the Mansard roof on the opposite side far, above the reach of streams directed upon it from all quarters. Fire was constantly in the air, and one building after another caught on the roof, and flames skipped lightly along from one window sill to another, so that in less than thirty minutes every cheek was blanched as it became evident that the whole city in one direction was at the mercy of the flames, which were leaping gayly from roof to roof and from one building to another. The second building to succumb was directly opposite to that in which the fire first broke out, and was occupied by Mafin, Mullen & Elms, Harding Brothers & Co., Bowen, Moors & Co., George Lide, Carter & Co., and Conant Brothers, all wholesale dealers in dry and fancy goods. This was at the corner of Otis place. The heat now became infernal. The streets ran rivers of water, and every moment was heard the sound of granite blocks exploding and falling in the streets, making them impassable. The firemen were driven from one station to another, and many engines were kept nobly at work, while hydrants were used by hand hose. The engineer could only hold his place while a stream of water was kept playing upon him. Blocks of granite weighing tons, were

split as if by powder, and hurled across wide streets, and planks went flying through the air as if they were feathers.

*Behind the Barricades.*

The firemen erected barricades and worked behind them, but they were burned almost as soon as erected. An hour had hardly elapsed before it was evident that Beebe's block, the finest business structure in the city, built of granite, five stories in height, with Mansard roof over all, must go. Within thirty minutes the flames were coming out in fiery billows from every window, and up the stairway leading to A. T. Stewart's rooms was a perfect column of flames. This building served but as fuel for the flames. Pieces of dry goods went whistling across the square, lodging on the window sills of the magnificent stores on Devonshire street. Beebe's block stood a solid wall of granite, several minutes after the inside fell, but the heat warped it, and two million dollars soon lay a heap of stone, bricks and mortar. A hurricane now raged, and owing to the intense heat and perfect sleet of coals it drove everything before it. Every building was now heated as if in a furnace, and caught like tinder. Four story granite blocks seemed like shavings, and deafening explosions were constantly heard.

*A New Terror*

was soon added to the Babel of confusion. Tenement houses at the upper end of Federal street were fast being licked up by the flames, and women crazed and fainting were rushing to and fro, carrying children, clocks, and bedding in their hands. One ran screaming through High street with a stove funnel in her hands, while another was tugging a large chest which would have been a heavy weight for a strong man. Now and then a few pieces of goods might be saved by volunteers who ran in and spent five minutes, during which they could work, in bringing out perhaps a hundred pieces of cloth. One man, Marshal Cotter, got out \$25,000 worth of kid gloves, and had them placed on the sidewalk in a damaged condition. He offered a hackman \$500 in vain to take the goods to a place of safety. In less than an hour he had to flee for his life, and the flames were not again cheated of their prey. The fire was now in Federal street, and the wool houses were going like oil factories, they could not have been attacked at a more dangerous time, crammed from cellar to garret with goods. Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth were on hand that might have been delivered to customers had it not been for the horse disease. In one store alone there were a hundred thousand dollars' worth of wool stored, which was awaiting delivery. Minor, Beal & Hackett had their store packed full, having only put their winter stock in three hours before the fire enveloped it all. March Brothers & Pierce had just put





their winter goods in the cellar and sent their summer goods up stairs to be made up. The paper warehouses came next. With the end of Federal street went the majority of the large city dealers. It had been hoped that the fire could be stopped short at Franklin street, but the stores there were as vulnerable as any other. Freeman's National Bank went at ten o'clock, and an hour later the National Bank of North America was in as bad a condition. The only place where the limits of the fire were reached is on Summer street, where the fire began. It swept in a northeasterly direction from there.

*More Business Blocks Invaded.*

The fire, communicating from roof to roof, crept steadily up both sides of Summer street. From and opposite the Everett block, the following buildings were reached and destroyed in rapid succession: Brick swell-front, occupied by A. Folsom & Sons, floor cloths and oil cloths; George H. Butler, hair goods; and Eugene Chapin, commission merchant. Granite block—Morse, Hammond & Co., hosiery and gloves; Stiles, Beale & Homer, wholesale clothing; S. Klous & Co., hats, caps, and furs; Strucker Brothers, hat and cap manufacturers; Wyman & Arklay, imported goods and linens; Ewing, Wise & Fuller, linens and white goods; Rothwell, Luther, Potter & Co., clothing; Mitchell, Green & Stevens, clothing. At this time—about ten o'clock—the flames burst from the top of a building on Arch street, a dozen doors removed from Summer street. Almost

before the existence of the flames in this quarter was known, they had spread down through the building, and were bursting in a perfect torrent from all the windows in the front of the fancy goods store of Hawley, Folsom & Martin. The fire spread to each side, enveloping the stores of Thomas Kelly & Co.; D. M. Hodgdon, clothing; March Brothers, Pierce & Co.; Miner, Beales & Hackett, all of which were quickly blazing. At ten o'clock, the whole roof of the Everett block was a sheet of flame, sending high into the air a column of fire, smoke, and lurid sparks. Having thus gained perfect control of the Everett block, the fire stretched its arms across the narrow Arch street, and moved rapidly up towards Washington street, taking in the establishments of George H. Law, Brett & Co., wholesale clothing; and Messenger & Co., dry goods; Edgerton & Gilman's dining rooms; Chaffee & Whitney, sewing silk; Lee, Tweedy & Co., dry goods; Lewis Brown & Co., kid gloves; Mareau & Co., commission merchants; Seavey, Foster & Bowman, agents of the Canton Silk Mills; Kettle & Jones, commission merchants; Price, Tuck & Co., thread and trimmings; Porter Brothers, commission merchants; Nicholas & Sons, imitation hair.

*Winthrop Square Invaded.*

At the opposite end of Summer street, near the junction of Bedford street, among the buildings destroyed were the following: Hoyer Brothers, importers of fancy goods; Gilbert Lovejoy & Co., woollens



(No. 92); John Cotter, hosiery, gloves, &c. (No. 102). Winthrop square, the very centre of the great wholesale trade of the city, embracing some of the most costly mercantile buildings ever erected in this country, and occupied by such great firms as James M. Bebee & Co., Stewart & Co., Anderson, Heath & Co., and forty or fifty others, was, before ten o'clock, one mass of ruins. On Kingston street, No. 14, occupied by J. A. Hatch & Co., commission merchants; the next was Nos. 16 and 18, occupied by Clark & Blodgett, commission merchants, and Mellen & Goodwin. The other buildings on Kingston street were dwelling houses, and were all destroyed. About eleven o'clock, the scene in Lincoln, Essex, South, Federal, and other streets in that immediate neighborhood, was one of the saddest sights of the night. Hundreds of men, women, and children were hurrying along, laden with every variety of household goods. Behind them the roaring flames, lapping up their houses before they could get half or a quarter of their goods into the street. The fire extended on both sides of Lincoln street. On Russia wharf, all the buildings, mostly used by rag, paper, and junk merchants, were destroyed. There were no vessels lying at this wharf. At Robbins' wharf, a schooner was destroyed, as were the coal sheds, and a large quantity of lumber on the pier. The wharf of the Hartford and Erie Railroad Company was burned, and the passenger station of the corporation on Broad street, at the foot of Summer street, was destroyed.

*Alarm at the Hotels.*

At two o'clock in the morning the fire had not made much headway on Kingston, Columbia and Lincoln streets, in the southerly direction, but had slowly burned along the ends of those streets, making progress however, over Broad street, to the water front. All through the South Cove district, where wooden buildings are numberless, many steamers were in busy play and action to prevent the spread of the fire sideways, and so keep it out of a thickly populated portion of the city. The United States Hotel was the first and nearest public building in the sideways line, and being in evident peril, its boarders and occupants became apprehensive of their danger. Some little confusion and considerable excitement ensued among them, but not to the extent of preventing most of them from displaying much more than ordinary activity and great celerity of movement in removing their trunks, valises, carpet-sacks, valuables and persons to places more secure from visitation by the fire fiend. A walk to Summer street revealed that the fire had then extended on the south side as far west as Hovey's dry goods store, the upper portion of the building being on fire. The wind had moderated some, but the fire, nevertheless, appeared to be fast eating its way towards Washington street.

*Blowing up the Buildings.*

By this time it had become evident to all, that in spite of the utmost exertion of the Fire Department, the flames were gaining. There was then no alterna-

tive left save to blow up the streets closing to those already sheeted with flame. At two o'clock this was done. Chief Engineer Damrill, who had hesitated at adopting so costly a remedy, hesitated no longer. He established a cordon round the streets leading to Milk street, driving off the gazers with the police. Soon the measured tramp of the United States marines was heard, as they marched up Washington street from their quarters in the Navy Yard, and they reinforced the over-worked police. To this combined force was soon added a column of citizens under the leading of Mayor Gaston and Gen. William L. Burt, with Alderman Jenks and Col. Sheppard as subalterns. And now they took charge of all the streets leading to Milk, and about three o'clock, the Engineer's Department, under Damrill, aided by the marines, laid charges of powder in the cellars of the south side of that street. In a few minutes the roar of numerous explosions was heard, and, though women grew pale, and children began to cry at the terrible sounds, yet they were nevertheless dearly welcome, for they indicated that the position was fully realized, and that the conflagration was being fairly choked. Three more explosions were heard, and immediately a large block in Devonshire street was blown partially into the air. Then came the turn of Federal street, and quickly a great gap was made in that fine street. A wealthy merchant, who was working like a Hercules, was observed to be shedding tears silently, and some one reproached him for crying so much for his money. "It is not that," he said, with a sigh, "but I saw Paris

after the raging of the Commune, and these ruins brought back that scene of blood and desolation to my mind. I was sorrowing to think that there should be such a sight in dear old Boston. But there is no crime here. This is misfortune." At four o'clock the remainder of Devonshire street was blown up.

*The Police and the Thieves.*

Despite the terror that prevailed there were present in the crowds many thieves, who began their nefarious operations. Thefts were numerous and were committed with perfect impunity for a time, as it was absolutely impossible for the police to distinguish owners from thieves, all being loaded alike with portable property. Now and then a well-known face would be recognized by the detectives and the thief arrested. These were isolated cases, however, and the value of the plunder secured by this depredatory class must have been enormous.

*The Crowds.*

Men and women from every part of the city came from their homes to see the fire, but before they reached the vicinity, the confusion that existed in all of the leading streets, gave them an impression of terror few will ever forget. It was, indeed, a startling scene for those who arrived on the ground after midnight, for the new-comers had no preparation, and were utterly bewildered by the confused noises and distraction that existed among those who, having

large interests at stake, had been present at the fire from an early hour.

The scene at the corner of Milk and Devonshire streets, down toward Federal and up in the direction of Washington street, was a terrible one. Nobody could stand within three blocks of the burning masses, so the fire had full possession of the buildings within its grasp. As each edifice took fire from its neighbor, the flames seemed to devour the contents in a single moment, and so the torrent of flame grew in strength and power with terrible velocity.

### *Saving Goods.*

The merchants, meanwhile, had fully realized the situation, and those who had goods in stores contiguous to the flames had begun to remove them as early as two o'clock. Pearl street was crowded with teams laden with the most costly merchandise, thrown hurriedly in and without any covering. It was a scene of terrible confusion. Merchants, trying to be calm in the midst of the turmoil, were giving orders with apparent *sang froid*, though with faces tortured with an anxiety which the lurid light of the conflagration brought out with cruel force. Teamsters were swearing at the terrified horses, only partially under control, and the whole quarter was full of an activity that, at the first glance, seemed aimless. But there was an order and discipline under the confused surface, and soon the vacant lots in the Fort Hill district began to be dotted with costly articles, piled up in great

glittering heaps, guarded by the militia and by volunteer citizens. Of course, the small boys were equal to the occasion and pilfered when they could, refusing, with impudence, liberal offers of payment if they would make themselves useful.

The ladies, in many cases, were bewildered by the noise and bustle around them rather than by cowardly fear, or even by natural timidity, and did some things that provoked a laughter in spite of the awful character of the situation. One went about with a package of lace in one hand and a Lisle-thread stocking in the other, entreating the workers to help her save her property, which she seemed powerless to designate. Another threw out large superb mirrors from the third story, and carefully lowered a china jug by a rope. Some shivered in silence on the stone steps, hugging their babies to their breasts, and one answered to a gentleman, who wanted to save her property, "Let it burn, sir; I've saved my baby, and my husband is all right in New York."

Much property, no doubt, was saved, but there were districts where the onset of the flames was so exceedingly fierce that all efforts to rescue goods were beaten back by the fervent heat, and the unfortunate owners were compelled to see their possessions vanish in flames before their eyes. Notably this was the case in Oliver street and around about the wharves and the warehouses in the vicinity, down to beyond the Hartford and Erie bridge. Here all was burned without exception.

*Meeting of Citizens.*

Shortly after two o'clock a meeting of citizens was held in the Mayor's parlor in the City Hall. His Honor Mayor Gaston being present, and Chief Engineer Damill occupying the informal presidency. On motion of General Wm. L. Burt, a detail of citizens was authorized to take charge of all the streets leading directly to the fire, and have exclusive control of them, with the assistance of the police, with authority to take any action which they might see fit in the emergency. The detail consisted of General Burt, Alderman Jenks, Col. Shepard, and other well-known citizens, and each one had control of intersecting streets, with full liberty to use powder in the stoppage of the flames, in case it should be considered expedient, and with the consent of the Chief Engineer of the Fire Department. It was also authorized that in case of necessity the military should be called out.

*Irresistible March of the Flames.*

By four o'clock the fire had extended from Washington street on the west, to the wharves on the east, and from Milk street on the north, to the Hartford and Erie Railroad Bridge on the south. The area of burned buildings being roughly reckoned at the time, at two hundred acres. The estimate of a prominent real estate man was, that the buildings would average twelve dollars per foot for this area, and, therefore, we have accordingly a total loss in buildings alone of \$100,000,000. So fierce was the march of the flames,

and so irresistible, that the merchants on Olive street, when first made aware of their danger, tried to remove their goods, but were unable to do so on account of the intense heat. At twelve minutes to five A. M., the progress of the fire southward was checked, and also in a great measure towards the southeast, the extreme limit of devastation in that direction being the Hartford and Erie Railroad depot, extending, however, out on the road and burning the bridge. Then it runs along Broad street to India, taking all the intermediate wharves and destroying a few vessels. The fire worked around the new post office building and reached the northerly side of Water street. The large buildings on the corner of Congress and Water streets were engulfed in the flames and destroyed. Engines No. 1 and No. 4, of Providence, reached the scene of the fire about five A. M., and there were numerous hand-engines present from various towns in Massachusetts. Lynn sent two steamers, Nos. 1 and 2, and a hose-carriage.

#### *The Fire Checked in the South.*

In the early hours of the morning the plundering by thieves became general, and firms who had removed their stock to places of supposed security out of doors, were victims of those predatory rascals. Arrests by the police became so numerous that it was found impossible to accommodate all the prisoners, and they were therefore discharged from custody after making restitution of the stolen property. On



Washington street, the fire was checked by five o'clock A. M. in the southerly direction. It had not reached beyond Summer street. The buildings on the southerly side of the latter street remained standing, and most of them untouched by the flames, with the exception of the three nearest Chauncey street. These were burned out, though the walls remained standing, and there was no further danger in this direction. The buildings of the American Watch Company, on the northeasterly corner of Washington and Summer streets, were completely gutted, but the walls remain. North of this on Washington street, the same side, all were destroyed as far as the Transcript building, though portions of the walls of some of the buildings were left. Both Washington and Summer streets were filled with bricks, mortar and huge stones to the depth of several feet. A portion of the front of the Trinity church is standing alone to mark the location of the late beautiful edifice.

*Northward.*

Before five o'clock the fire found its way across Water street, and caught upon the window-casings and the roof finish of Simons' block, in which was the Boston Car Spring Company's office and the Hide and Leather Bank, and before the hour was passed, the whole building was enwrapped. At a quarter to six the building on the opposite corner of Congress street, where was the Shawmut Bank and W. E. Lawrence & Co.'s store, caught, and in ten minutes all hopes of

saving it was gone. Northward towards the post office and State street swept the flames, and all hopes of stopping them by water was shut off forever. At six o'clock the walls of the stone block where was S. Norwell's store, fell with a crash, which sent the sparks, dust and flame far heavenward, and just before this, the fire took directly opposite on the northerly corner of Federal and Milk streets, and began its career towards Kilby and Broad streets. State, Devonshire, Congress, and Kilby streets, and Congress square were, as far as merchandise was concerned, on wheels and afoot, for everybody was moving whatever was portable. A large party of men were engaged in tearing down signs in the vicinity of Milk, Broad and Kilby streets, and around Liberty square.

#### *A Noble Work.*

The Boston *Traveller* sent its movable property to Charlestown, and was thus able to issue an edition promptly the next day. The Mount Vernon National Bank, at 183 Washington street, was destroyed. An attempt to blow up Currier & Trott's jewelry store, corner of Milk and Washington streets, was unsuccessful, the explosion spending its force through the windows, scarcely jarring the solid walls. The windows in the neighborhood were all shattered by the concussions, nothing more. Superintendent Ferristall, of the city stables, did a noble work in sending out all the city teams at an early hour, and keeping them at work all through the night and early morning remov-

ing goods to the city stable-yards. It is estimated that at least \$1,000,000 worth were saved by the prompt and efficient action taken by Mr. Forristall. Several of the attempts to blow up buildings met with the ill success that attended the experiment on the corner of Milk and Washington streets, windows only being shattered. This also happened in numerous other instances.

### *Old South Church.*

It was rumored about six o'clock that the Old South Church, so dear to the heart of every Bostonian, had been mined in readiness to blow up, but on inquiry it was found that those in charge had resolved to risk the matter, and look to the protection of the heavy walls of the *Transcript* office opposite. The proprietors of the *Transcript* did not remove any of their material. It was packed, however, and lowered into the cellar, consequently entirely destroyed. The *Post* building was nearly destroyed, although the walls remain standing. The flames still progressed with unabated fury and certainty towards State street. At a quarter before nine o'clock it had reached in nearly a straight line from Congress street, through Lindall to Kilby street and Liberty square, both sides being on fire. The rear of the post office, on Lindall street, caught fire. It having become necessary to blow up the building corner of Congress street and Congress square, it was mined and exploded shortly before nine. The large granite front building at the northwest corner of Lincoln and Kilby streets, occupied by Vin-

cent & Hutchings, insurance brokers, J. Wiley Edmunds, and several others, was also blown up at nine o'clock, though the effect of the blast was apparently of no material advantage. The inside was shattered, but the walls and much of the woodwork were left standing, the latter in a condition to accelerate rather than retard the progress of the fire.

*Towards State Street.*

The flames made their way with grim certainty towards the corner of Broad and State streets. At nine o'clock an effort was made to arrest its progress by blowing up the brick building which is the third from the State street front; but three explosions failed to make the desired impression. Nearly every building back of the State street front, between Congress and Broad, were already ruined; while kegs of powder, with the match in readiness for lighting, were placed under a large number of buildings in the vicinity of Broad street, ready to rend them to pieces. In the square formed by Doane, State, Kilby and Broad streets, at nine o'clock, there was only one building on fire, and that had just commenced at the corner of Kilby and Doane streets. By half-past eleven o'clock the progress of the fire towards the water in the direction of Kilby and Central streets seemed to be effectually stopped, and the streams of water were used in extinguishing the flames among the ruins, which present an appearance of utter devastation. At three P. M. the progress of the flames in the direction

of the water was checked, and the fire was well under control everywhere.

*The End.*

All things must come to an end, and after eighteen hours of trial Boston emerged from her baptism of fire. In that space of time, it had destroyed hundreds of the costliest and most substantial warehouses in the country, and temporarily paralyzed three of the leading mercantile interests,—the shoe and leather, wool and dry goods trades. Not a single wholesale establishment dealing in shoes and leather was left in the city. The wool trade suffered in an equal degree, and the dry goods jobbing houses left were few and far between. The new Post Office and Sub-Treasury building was for a long time exposed to the fierce flames and smoke, but was scarcely scarred. This massive fire-proof structure saved the Boston Morning Post building, directly opposite, and helped greatly in preventing the fire from reaching State street. The Old South Church also escaped, though several times given up for lost. The costly and beautiful Transcript Building, and Currier & Trott's jewelry establishment, on the opposite corner of Milk street, were burned. The Eastern Express office was saved, though reported at one time as burned. The following are the general boundaries of the conflagration. The whole length and both sides of Summer street, across Federal, and nearly down to Drake's wharf, and thence in nearly a direct line to Fort Hill, along Hamilton and Battery-march to Kilby street, as far as Lindall and Central streets,

and from Milk to Summer, on Washington street. Within these boundaries, an area of nearly seventy acres, every building was consumed.

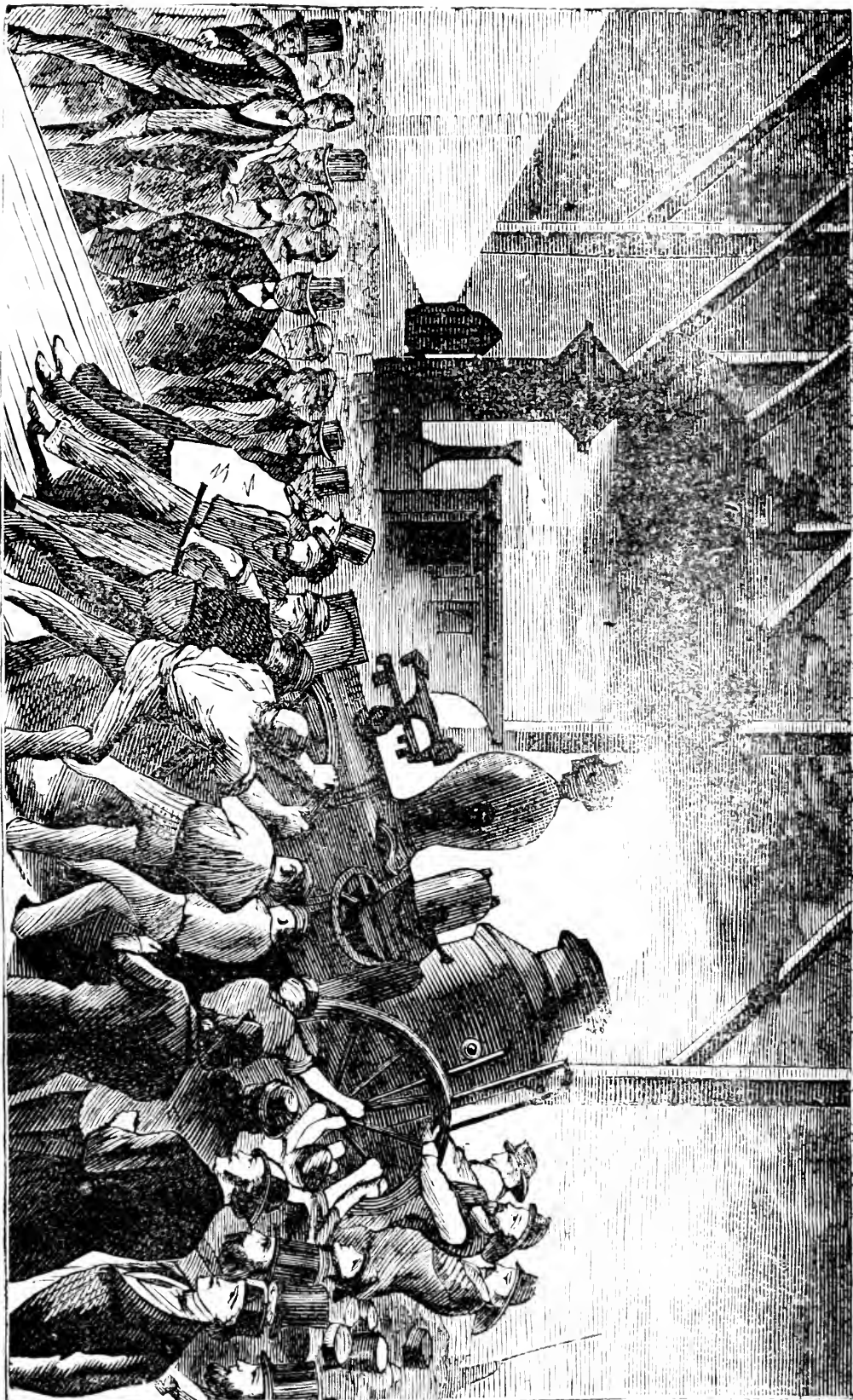
*Another Account.*

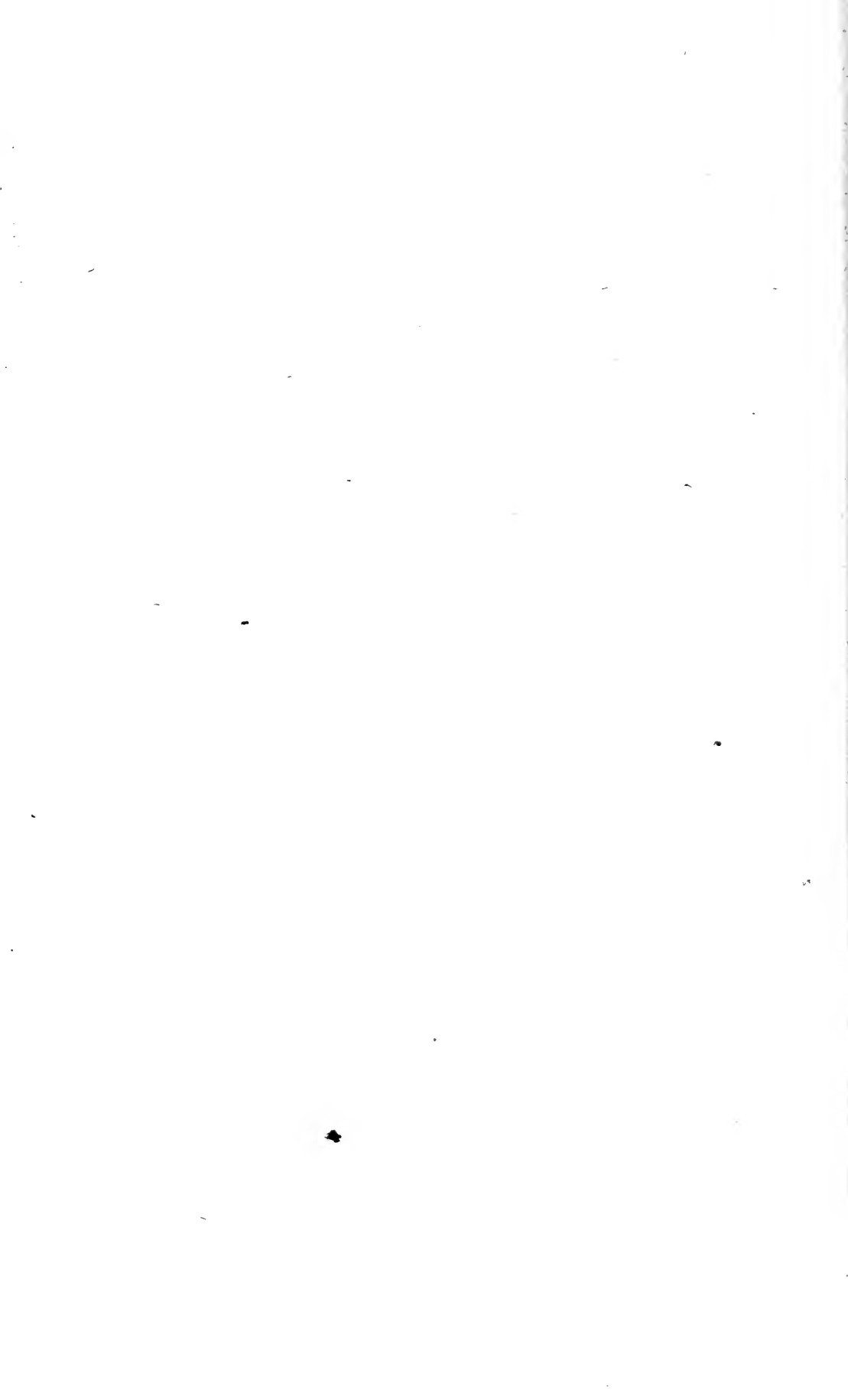
Still more graphic accounts of the awful disaster are furnished by some of the correspondents. One writing of the awful grandeur of the scene from a distance, says: The lurid glare of the flames lighted up the entire city, and newspapers could be plainly read for miles away. In Providence, which is forty miles distant, an alarm of fire was caused by the Boston conflagration, somebody presuming that the fire was in that city. The fire was also distinctly visible in Stonington, Northford, Charlestown, Portsmouth, and other places equally distant. Up and down the streets, hurried and tumbled a crowd of utterly demoralized men and women. There were among these, also, at the tea-table Saturday, those who were worth millions of dollars, but who are beggars to-day.

*Merchant Princes and Laborers alike Beggared.*

Merchant princes there were, whose word was as good as their bond; men whose single name at the bottom of a note for hundreds of thousands, would pass upon the street without an endorser; but to-day they scarcely know where to lay their heads. Then, too, there were thousands of the hopeless poor about the streets. The dwelling houses destroyed were nearly all in a thickly settled Irish colony at the South

ARRIVAL OF STEAM FIRE ENGINES FROM WORCESTER.







Cove, and the plaintive moans of those who were thus rudely turned out to battle with the world, destitute, attracted universal sympathy. On every corner there was a little pile of household furniture, and every street was packed with teams. That the city was surely to be destroyed, seemed altogether beyond question, and the haggard look, and wild, beseeching eyes of the crowds, showed only too plainly the effect which the assumption of this idea produced upon the little children who were in the streets, half clad, and piteously imploring the relief which the community was powerless to render them. Old men, tottering towards the grave, watched with feverish anxiety the progress of the destroyer of their accumulations of many years, and young men, heartbroken, speculated mournfully in regard to their future; but the despondency upon the lookers-on was but temporary. With willing hearts and strong arms, all lent themselves to the work of helping the unfortunate, and there was a gladsome exhibition of the principles of the golden rule. In spite of the terrible reverses, there was a general expression of opinion that Yankee pluck had never a better opportunity to show itself.

*"Boston shall be Rebuilt"*

was the common cry, and the men who uttered it meant just what they said. Here is an instance. In front of a pile of smouldering ruins, in the centre of what was one of the handsomest blocks of buildings on Washington street, stands the rough wooden sign,

“The firm of Morse, Sheppard & Co., has removed to No. 26 Chauncy street.” This firm has lost \$400,000 by the fire, and there are hundreds of others who, like them, are determined to recommence business as soon as possible. Boston is not dead yet, or if it is in a state of moribundity, it presents a very lively appearance for a corpse. From the persistent and rapid progress of the awful conflagration, it became apparent at about nine o’clock that the Boston firemen were unequal to the task of subduing or even checking its further progress; in fact, the whole city seemed doomed, and every citizen became sober and serious. The authorities immediately sent to the neighboring cities—Charlestown, Cambridge, and Chelsea—for assistance, and in the course of an hour the entire departments of the several cities were on the ground! The fire fiend still swept on, and the hundreds of streams which were poured on the flames were of no more consequence than a single-scutt wherry would have been to the progress of a Cunard steamer.

*“We must Have still more Help”*

said the Chief Engineer, “or Boston and all its suburbs will be in ruins before morning.” Telegrams were then sent to more distant towns and cities, and special trains were chartered and the right of way given for their immediate transportation. Three steamers from Worcester, and the men belonging to them, were in Boston and at work within fifty-five minutes after the call for help reached them. They

came down on a special train over the Albany road, and made the forty-four miles in just forty-five minutes. Assistance was also promptly on hand from Lowell, Lawrence, Portsmouth, Portland, Manchester, Providence, Pawtucket, Stonington and various other of the cities and large towns in this section of New England. To say that they all did gallant service would convey but a faint idea of the energy and determination with which they applied themselves to the rescue. But still the fire fiend swept on. One, two and three o'clock in the morning, and the firemen were seemingly more powerless than ever. A fresh breeze wafted over the terrible scene of destruction, carrying in all directions sheets of devouring flame and showers of burning embers. It seemed as if

*Nothing but a Deluge from Heaven*

would stay the progress of the terrible element. Some rushed frantic and wild through the streets, some prayed, some moaned, a few drunken brutes cursed, but all showed by their horror-stricken countenances that they keenly appreciated the terrible and critical situation.

*The Blowing up of Buildings.*

The last terrible resort in cases of devastating fire in large cities, was finally determined upon. General Benham, at Fort Warren, was sent for, and before daylight he came up with several companies of marines and thousands and thousands of pounds of powder. The marines were quickly distributed around the city

for police duty, and under the direction of General Benham. Preparations were made for the blowing up of a sufficient number of buildings to clear a space in the probable course of the flames, and thus check the fire by robbing it of material for its furious passion. At three o'clock this work of merciful destruction was begun, and the explosions which followed in rapid succession were, indeed, welcome sounds to the ears of the panic-stricken community, for it betokened a fearless, honest, radical effort to save what was now left of the burning city. Three discharges were made in a block on Devonshire street, and it threw the building partially down; but it did no apparent good, for the flames jumped over it almost instantly again and again. This work of destruction and demolition went on, each explosion shaking the whole city and breaking windows miles away. Portions of Federal and Congress streets were blown up, but still the

*Flames would Overleap the Vacancy*

created. It was not until daylight that there seemed to come any good or relief from this wilful, but absolutely necessary, destruction of some of Boston's finest warehouses, and probably even then all these efforts would have been abortive but for the concentration of nearly all the fire engines upon one particular point. It was about nine o'clock when there came the first sense of relief, that the firemen might probably save the northern and western sections of the city, both of which had for hours seemed inevitably doomed to the

same fate as the business portion. This feeling, however, was not universal. The wind was still blowing fresh, and many shook their heads ominously and declared that the whole space, from the wharves to the Back Bay, and from the south end to the Charleston and Cambridge bridges, would be in ruins before night. No pen can picture, no brain can frame into thought, the effect that this appalling and threatening prospect had upon the people.

*Every One seemed Perfectly Frantic,*

wandering hither and thither in great crowds, and only adding to the consternation that raged through the ranks of the firemen and about the more immediate localities of the raging flames. Merchant princes, who on Saturday locked their doors upon immense treasures, now found themselves not only impoverished, but threatened with being made homeless by the terrible fiend. Almost insane, they flew through the excited masses, but where and what for they could not tell. All, all was consternation. The ruined merchants, the impoverished mechanics, the helpless and homeless shop girls, and the thousands and tens of thousands of other representatives of society, all united in the general mourning of what had and what might come. But

*The Energetic but Exhausted Firemen*

still kept at work, and in the very face of general despair, fought the flames more determinedly than

ever. Between eight and nine o'clock was the most critical period in the whole conflagration. The whole of the Fifth Ward had been nearly destroyed, and from Summer street almost down to Milk, a clean sweep had been made of everything on the east side of Washington street. The old South Church, the famous sanctuary of many generations, on the northeast corner of Washington and Milk streets, was now the objective point. If that succumbed to the furious element, it was generally conceded that the whole of the north and west ends would follow. Thousands watched the old spire with breathless anxiety and prayed fervently that it might be spared. The firemen worked with a determination, inspired, it seemed, as if by Heaven, and for an hour or more not less than

*Fifty Streams poured upon the Ancient Tabernacle,*

and the burning buildings surrounding it. Steadily but slowly the brave fellows seemed to get the mastery of the fiend, and finally, after hours of persistent toil, they came out triumphantly. The old "South" was saved, and so was half of Boston. Thanksgivings mingled with tears, and "God bless you" were showered in profusion upon the timely saviors. But while this battle was being fought, the fiery enemy was making a flank movement in another direction. Devonshire street, already destroyed on both sides from its southern extremity clear up to Milk, was now being mowed away upon the west side down to Water street, and threatened to be, what subsequently was,

one of the most disastrous features of the whole conflagration. At the same time, the flames took a turn up Congress street as far as Water, dodging around the magnificent New Post Office structure, and fastening its fury upon a large new granite building on the north side of Water street and immediately adjoining the elegant establishment of the *Boston Daily Post*. The heat which now came from the burning of the sinuous structure, was of a kind which need not be described. It was so intense as to cause the streams which were vainly directed against it to assume all the

*Colors of the Rainbow,*

and the Water street front of the New Post Office crumbled under its influence as if it had been so much glass. The danger which had before seemed imminent from the burning of the old South was now repeated. Both sides of Washington street were threatened, and, of course, there would follow—no one knew what; but the wind went down and all apprehensions were again removed. The flames, however, inclined down towards Broad street and the wharves, and went with a speed and destructiveness that were terrible beyond description.

*Congress Block Enwrapped.*

About half-past eight o'clock Congress block, a massive granite building on Congress street, caught fire and all efforts to save it were futile. The flames communicated from the rear of Congress block to the

brick part of the Old Post Office building, facing on Lindall street, early in the morning, when there were fears that the Post Office building would succumb to the fiery element. Every letter and paper in the entire establishment, all the furniture, mail bags, and, in fact, all the valuable movable property in the mailing department, were conveyed in teams to the Custom House for safe keeping.

Nothing was disturbed in the stamp and money order departments. As soon as the flames entered the building from the rear they spread rapidly through almost the entire third-story, which is occupied by offices, and by the following parties: No. 7, N. P. Lovering; No. 10, Abel Abbott; No. 13, New York Fire Insurance Company; No. 17, R. G. F. Candage; No. 21, J. S. Abbott; No. 27, Charles Cowley and Henshaw & Brothers, stock auctioneers and brokers. Postmaster Burt's private office was destroyed, but everything of value was removed to the Custom House. In addition to the offices, the foreign and newspaper departments were consumed by half-past ten. Meanwhile the fiery monster was continuing its work on Congress street, and attacked the five-story brick building on the corner of Water street, occupied in the upper story by Baff & Stephens, printers; third-story by G. E. Meacham, and the lower stories by Andrews & Robinson and J. Richardson & Son. The brick block on Congress street, next to Congress block, numbered 24 and 26, was next attacked and soon laid low, as was also the famous Monks building at the foot of Congress square.



*The Sub-Treasury of the United States,*

located in the same structure as the Post Office, was among the institutions ruined, but not destroyed. The roof was entirely burned off, and also the inside cleaned out; but its immense valuable contents were safely removed to the Custom House. While the Post Office was fairly encased with lurid flame from the bottom to the top, while back in the rear of Congress square the large buildings that front on the east side of Devonshire were bursting out with forked flames, the writer met Chief Damrill on State street, near the old State House, and the features of his blackened, burned and haggard face could be read as in a book the great anxiety that was stirring his very soul.

"One word, Captain," said the reporter. "For God's sake, what of the prospect?"

Shaking his head, and with a gesture that told more than words:

*"Bad! Bad!! Bad!!!"*

God help burning Boston!" said he, and on he went through a dense volume of smoke to where a corps of his nearly suffocated and famished men were struggling with the fiend. At this time the flames were working rapidly to windward and back into Congress street.

The fire was not without its humors as well as its pains. One sturdy fellow, who had never read Hood's poems, threw a large mirror out of a window on Bedford street and came down stairs on a dead run with

a feather bed behind him. Another fellow, with whom I conversed, said his wife had sprained her ankle, and added, "I don't care much about that though—not half so much as she does; the ankle can be cured by a doctor, but there isn't a surgeon in all the town can bring me back my 'black an tan.' He was burned to death, sir, recklessly, and through carelessness. I'd rather have given a dollar than had it happen."

*An account by an Eye Witness.*

A Philadelphia gentleman who saw the fire, contributes the following sketch, which may well serve as a fitting conclusion to this chapter of horrors.

I left Philadelphia for this place on Friday morning at eleven o'clock, intending to pay a visit to my family in Roxbury. I took the train from West Philadelphia to New York; thence by the Fall River line I came to Boston. I arrived here at eight o'clock on Saturday, and having concluded to remain all night in the city, took up my quarters at the United States Hotel. After supper, I started towards the Boston Theatre, but before I reached it, and at about eight o'clock, the number of people rushing through the streets, and the light of a great fire attracted my attention, and joining the throng, I soon found myself on Summer street, within a block or two of

*The Burning Building.*

Out of all the windows of this, through the roof, and in the rear, great volumes of flame, running one

hundred feet high, were bursting forth. The building had three times the front of an ordinary structure, and the scene was a grand and imposing one. A high wind was blowing, and before the firemen were generally on the ground, or fully at work, the buildings along Summer and Kingston streets, about one hundred and fifty feet on both, were a mass of flame. The heat was of course intense, and the inefficiency of the firemen was not to be wondered at. In less than a half hour after I arrived on the ground, the flames had spread upon both sides of the street, and the scene had become awful beyond description. But the worst was yet to follow.

### *The Gale.*

By this time the wind had increased to nearly a gale, and the flames having the entire mastery of everything, swept from story to story, from roof to roof, from block to block, and from corner to corner, driving the firemen from every vantage ground they could secure, and rendering all their exertions useless and futile. Wherever the flames reached they rapidly consumed everything of a combustible character, even melting granite blocks and iron doors and shutters like so much lead. As I passed from street to street, without knowing where I was going, I realized the awfulness of the burning of Chicago in the red acres whose glare pained my eyesight beyond the point of endurance, in the roar and crackle of the mighty molten sheets that stretched towards the sky, and in the crash and crum-

ble of the massive walls that fell at intervals of every few moments.

*The Streets,*

had now become densely crowded. Men were rushing frantically to and fro in every direction, and what surprised me greatly, drunkenness was becoming general. Thieves were busily at work, but it was difficult to tell friend from foe. So when one saw a man hurrying past with a bale of goods, he was at loss to commend him as a brave fellow, or denounce him as a marauder. The police were equally active, and every now and then I saw one or more with a prisoner on his way to the station house. At about midnight I thought the whole city doomed, and began to be anxious for my own safety. The crash of the falling blocks of granite, the hum of the engines, the roar of the seething flames, the hiss of the steam as immense volumes of water were poured in upon the burning mass, and the shouting of the fireman, made up a Babel of horrible sounds—it was like a pandemonium.

*The Explosions.*

Soon the confusion was made worse confounded by the noise of tremendous explosions. At the sound of these, the trepidation increased, but the knowledge that they were the report of buildings blown up to block the path of the fire, reassured the people. Soon, too, the appearance of patrols upon the street, the fact that the volume of smoke did not increase, and that

the area of flame remained about the same, added still further to the confidence of the people, and many left, only, however, to have their places filled by others, eager to catch a closer glimpse of the terrible scenes. About daybreak, worn out with physical fatigue and mental anxiety, I returned to the United States Hotel, only to find out that it had been the scene of an alarm the night before, and that many of the guests had removed their baggage to a safer locality. I remained up for more than an hour discussing the awful occurrence, and then completely used up, retired and slept soundly until 4 P. M. Venturing out, I found that the fire was confined to the limits of the night before, and that all danger of its general spread was past. During all this time I did not see a single case of

*Suffering or Destitution,*

save when some merchant moaned the loss of some thousands of dollars, or a young jackanapes boasted that his father had been reduced from a millionaire to a beggar. Of women and children deprived of their homes I did not see one, nor a single case where household goods were being carried through the streets. That there were such instances, I have no doubt; that I did not see them I congratulate myself. Of the money losses sustained I know little. My object has been to simply give you my own experience.

## SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

*The Crowds upon the Street. Terror of the People.*

Of course there is another side to this dreadful calamity than that painted in the preceding pages. When the fire first broke out, most of the people were in doors preparing for the celebration of the Sabbath, the observance of which in Boston, is almost as strict now, as it was in the days of the Puritan fathers.

Those who were in the streets, were mainly hurrying to the theatres or making their Saturday evening purchases. When the fire was discovered, large crowds, of course, flocked to Kingston and Summer streets, and soon these thoroughfares were well nigh impassable. The big building out of which the liquid flames were rolling heavenward, soon became a beacon that lit up the entire city. The dense volume of smoke, illuminated by millions of sparks that rose through its roof, added to the awful beauty of the scene, and made a picture of sublime but terrible splendor. There was little to save in the building, and the spectators be-thought themselves of the surrounding property. Axes and every conceivable implement were brought into play, and soon the massive oaken doors were crashing under a hundred well-directed blows.

*The Engines.*

The fire engines were not promptly at hand, owing to the general dearth of healthy horses, and it was long before anything like a deluge of water could be sent upon the burning buildings. Merchants whose warehouses were scattered all about came running and driving furiously from up town, and some, trying to force their horses through the now enormous crowds, had to be beaten back by the police. Leaving their beast at any place that came to hand, they jammed and elbowed their way, shouting themselves hoarse in their madness to get at the houses in which their goods and papers were laid away. There was no hope of saving the former, for now the flames had run away down Kingston street and both ways in Summer, eating up the heavily built houses as if they were so much stubble, or the shanties which occupied their places ten or twelve years ago. Spectators merely had become inextricably, and by no means amicably, intermingled with persons sorely interested in the conflagration, and there was something very like a stampede to save what could be saved. Buildings and stores in the line of the fire were forced open or unlocked by their owners and lessees, and goods thrown out recklessly and given to utter strangers to be carried to places of safety.

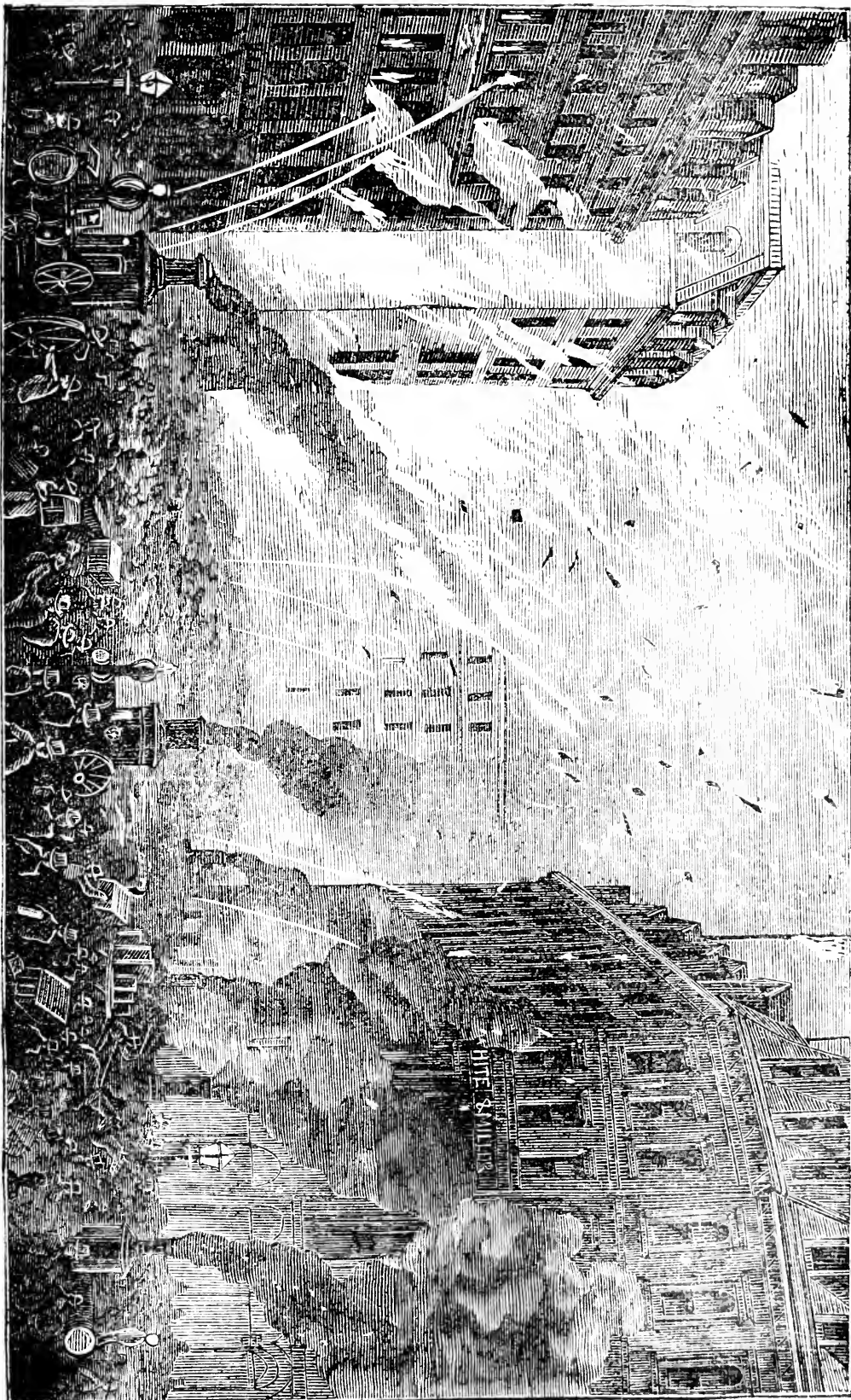
*A Panic.*

Fabulous prices were offered to those who were able and willing to lend a hand in the work, and, between those trying to force their way to the fire and those endeavoring to fight their way out of it, a scene of confusion which baffles description ensued. The streets are miserably narrow and unworthy of the magnificent granite buildings which line them, and when the fire had turned Washington street, where are many fine shops and stores, their windows ablaze with silks and jewelry, a perfect panic seized the crowd that surged northward, and swept by the goods that looked so temptingly easy to be obtained; but, as yet, there was no pillage of any sort. The shop girls here were in a perfect frenzy, and in getting away had to take their chances in the crowd, to be knocked about, and, as likely as not, be trodden down. The wind had now increased in violence till it had become a most furious gale, blowing smoke and firebrands into the faces of the crowd, and beating back the firemen, who stood as firmly as possible to their work. The skies were wild with the reflection of the lurid flames which hissed along the streets and ran from house to house, licking and lapping them and writhing about them like fiery serpents.

*Ludicrous Incidents.*

A ludicrous incident occurred on Hamilton place. "Major Grant," as she is called, a semi-imbecile female, with an immense waterfall and pug nose, be-







came dissatisfied with the view from Fremont street, and decided to obtain a better quarter. Accordingly she picked up somebody else's chair in front of a store and pulled her dress up to her ankles and dusted it; then, carrying the chair to the centre of the place, she sat down and gazed placidly at the progress of the flames. While she was doing so, however, a rabble of newsboys gathered about. They fastened a long piece of rope to the chair, of which Mrs. "Major Grant" was oblivious, and, after a moment's consultation, jerked the rope vigorously, leaving the victim sprawling in a puddle. Mrs. "Major Grant" was vexed.

Not the least laughable of the incidents, was that in which a middle-aged lady played important parts. She was somewhat on the shady side of forty, tall, thin and bony of aspect. Her sandy hair was screwed up into numberless rigid curls on either side of her face, and a crunched bonnet fluttered defiantly down her back, and was only prevented from falling off by the ribbons by which it was tied about her neck.

She pushed her way through the excited crowds while the fire was raging at its highest, wringing her hands, and shrieking frantically for "Clara," who implored, wept, stormed, and moaned for "Clara," enlisting everybody's sympathy. "Will nobody put out a hand to save the poor thing?" she implored, in almost frantic accents. "Oh, dear; oh, dear! My little darling will be burnt to death."

Even the most hardened felt for the agony that

seemed to be urging the poor woman to madness. Firemen stopped their work to ask her where her "Clara" was, and several crowded about her with proffers of assistance if she would only be explicit. But not a coherent explanation could be gained from her. She continued to wring her hands and to moan, "Clara, Clara ; my poor Clara."

In the meanwhile a thrill of terror went through the multitude at the idea that some human creature was in deadly peril of burning to death, and no intelligence of her whereabouts was to be gained from the half demented woman before them, who rocked to and fro, sobbing and refusing to be comforted. Presently, with a wild shriek of joy, she darted forward, shouting "Clara, Clara !" and stooped down.

Crouching in a corner was a large white cat, with singed fur, who, with curved back and swollen tail, stood hissing and spitting with fearful energy. As the old lady stooped to pick her darling up, the ungrateful cat flew at her, leaving the marks of her claws on her face, and darted off in mad terror amid the jeers, laughter, and hootings of the crowd, her frantic mistress darting after her with the bonnet flying ensign downward like a signal of distress.

### *Incidents of the Fire.*

The first explosion of gas was heard by Mrs. Martha Hudson and her aged mother, who resided in Summer street. Mrs. Hudson rushed to one of the second story windows in which she lived, and called for assistance. As none seemed to be at hand, she

jumped to the pavement. She was severely burned about the legs, and was taken to the Second Station. Her mother probably perished in the building, as she was not seen to escape. A mother and her infant child were rescued from the sixth story of an endangered building, in Summer street, by the firemen, who put up their ladders just in time to prevent the woman from leaping into the street.

The current of air created by the flames was so great, that fragments of paper were carried 16 miles away. Leaves of check-books and ledgers were found at Quincy, Hanover and East Weymouth. Cinders fell in Abington, Hanover and Pembroke. A charred \$50 note was picked up at East Abington. The glare of the conflagration was seen by night at Concord, N. H., and the light was distinctly visible ninety miles at sea, and was also noticed off the Isle of Shoals. There are stories of heroism which deserve to be told over and over again. Two firemen, whose names have not been learned, rushed into a ruined building to help a poor fellow half buried by the fall of one of the side walls. While they were at work the front wall came down, and they were never seen again. We are ignorant, too, of the name of the brave fellow who crawled into a cellar on Congress street, and let off the steam from three overheated boilers which threatened every instant to explode. It was so hot that his comrades kept two streams of water playing on him while he performed this perilous duty.

*Heart Rending Scenes.*

There were not a few heart rending scenes to record, which makes the pen falter. A little girl whose name is unknown, was in one of the upper rooms of a house on Washington street, looking out of a window at the fire. She was seen from the street to be struck full in the face by a piece of burning wood and knocked back into the room, from which, in an incredible short space of time, the flames burst forth in great masses. In a moment or two the whole building was wrapped in fire. A woman with a child in her arms, and her clothes nearly burned from her back, came rushing from the house, shrieking in terror, and calling loudly for her husband. In a short time she disappeared, crazy with fright, in the direction of the fire. Unless turned back by the patrol, she in all probability perished. People were knocked down, and some were killed, by blazing missiles almost before it was known that there was any fire where they were, for the wind carried the flames in almost every direction with frightful speed. Many supposing themselves out of the reach of it, stood at their doors receiving goods from their friends, who supposed they had carried them to a place of safety, and before long, not only had these persons their own property to remove, but that which they had received, and which clogged stairways and passages so as to impede the removal of the others.

*Boston Common.*

Boston Common proved itself of really practical value during the fire, and indeed its uses are still manifest. From early in the evening of Saturday till early in the morning of Sunday, baggage vans of all sorts and descriptions deposited their contents on the Common. The location of the little park in the centre of the city, and the fact that there could be but little danger to anything placed there, rendered it a convenient asylum for all sorts of household goods. Pots, kettles and pans, beds and bedbugs, crying women and hungry babies were plentiful enough.

*A Molten Network.*

Confusion was worse confounded and despair rendered more despairing, as is always the case at such times. The most useless of articles were borne about as though of immense value; silks and satins were thrown into the street and trodden into utter worthlessness, or picked up and lugged away by the passers by. There was no limit to the goods lost in this way, nor could the police, vigilant as it was, prevent the robbery, for owners could not be told from thieves. Carts and trucks dragged by men and horses, dashed and jammed their way along, breaking boxes and upsetting in their passage, and making, with the glare of the light, no bad picture of what pandemonium must be. On their heads the blazing buildings dropped great gouts and flakes of fire, as though from the fingers of

a bloody hand dipped in brimstone. The fire, owing partly to the state of the wind, did not proceed with very great rapidity down Kingston street—it was slow, but it was sure. What is more terribly grand than the onward march of a mighty fire in a great city—its arms outstretched to grasp and wither granite and iron, which then seem almost to be as easy a prey as dry wood? The flames in Kingston street, as they crept out of the windows and stole solidly on to buildings about them, seemed a vast network of molten iron. The stones cracked and fell hissing with the water that had been showered upon them, and the iron bent and doubled upon itself in long loops. The houses while being gutted were great cauldrons from which the fire darted and bubbled up, roaring above the noise of the engines working below, and filling the heavens with its crimson light.

#### *Terror of the Women.*

As the fire spread through the adjacent streets, threatening to consume all the lower part of the city, and, perhaps, should the wind change, the entire population become aroused, and far up-town, though it was now late at night, there was no thought of going to bed. Women left alone in the magnificent houses in Beacon street, became so nervous and fidgety that they could scarcely endure to stay in the house, and a somewhat ludicrous story is told of a Mrs. M., who actually had her penates, her beds, pictures, and heirlooms, which had come down to her from the time when her great-great-grandfather burned witches in Salem, all



packed up together and placed on the floor in the hall, condemning her less frightened, and naturally less interested, servants from sleeping all night, except on floors and lounges. Another lady, whose husband owned a large dry goods "emporium" in Kingston street, and had left her in bed at ten o'clock at night, could not endure the excitement alone, and so ordered up her coachman and kept him driving her about the lower town till four o'clock in the morning, protruding her head from the coach window and wildly calling to her every man who bore the slightest resemblance to her lost lord, and then dismissing him with, "Oh, it isn't you, is it?"

*Among the Poorer Classes.*

In the narrow, tortuous streets where the poor people resided, the consternation was, if anything, greater than in the quarters where the rich had their dwellings. The excitement in South Cove was indescribable. It was thought at one time, that the fire would surely reach this quarter, and its denizens ran about like lunatics, shrieking and bemoaning their hard fate. Women, with babes in their arms, stopped for an instant to hear and tell the news, and discuss the probabilities, and then rushed away, crying with fear, and crazed with excitement. Lost children, forgotten or abandoned during the turmoil, sat on the curbstones, weeping, or fled in terror in every direction, vainly seeking their lost parents. Women in child-bed were delivered prematurely; the sick were left alone in their bed-chambers, deserted by their friends,

and filled with apprehension that the fire might at any moment reach them. In their weakness, ten or twelve invalids are said to have been killed by fear, which no assurance could allay. In one of the tenements devoured by the flames, a woman, her new born infant, and her husband, were burned to death, the man nobly refusing to leave his family, being unable to remove them to a place of safety.

*A Wild, Wild Night.*

The alarm bell sounding, and the shock of explosions which shook the city to its very centre as house after house was blown up to prevent the further spread of the conflagration, added unspeakable horror to the scene. It was a wild night of fear and anguish to many a poor soul, but it was not devoid of ludicrous interest. The pedal of a piano was carefully carried from High street to Beacon, and left with a friend of its owner, with a note saying that all was lost—pictures, furniture, everything, and only with great difficulty had this been saved. Old women with family plate to save ran about with it in their hands, and could not be persuaded by their grandsons and sons to act in a rational manner. Family pride and love of heirlooms probably exists to a greater extent in Boston than in any other American city, and to many an old woman, and many a young one, too, for that matter, it would be almost as hard to lose an old tea-set or cabinet as to lose a fortune. Some of the men are as bad as the women, and occasionally more crazy.

A well known gentleman, long since retired from business which he left to his son, insisted on going down to his ancient counting-room, or rather to the more elegant one that took its place years ago. In the safe there there were not only bonds and mortgages and other business papers without number, but there was the authentic document in which the family pedigree was traced. He and his son went together; the latter succeeded after some difficulty in securing his valuables, but the old gentleman fixed his attention only on the pedigree. He secured it, rushed to the door, but was called back by his son. Fully determined that his descendants should be able to trace their ancestors, and having the dread of fire about him, he left the precious papers with a man at the door, and naturally enough he lost them. There are many valuable private libraries in Boston, and many most diligent students there, who could more readily lose all else of earthly good than their precious books. One of these gentlemen left the packing up of his furniture and the care of everything else to his family, and pulled down his books from their shelves, had all of them which he most highly prized nailed up in boxes, and sent off to the house of a friend. Then he sat calmly down on a bed and read "De Contemptu Mundt" and "Plotinus" while the modern Athens burned.

#### *Old Buildings Destroyed.*

In the vicinity of Milk street were still standing a few old houses whose inhabitants, being their owners

as well, and mostly old unmarried ladies, refused with tenacity to leave the spot where their fathers had been born and died, and where they hoped to end their days in the same quiet and peaceful manner. They had become attached to the place and declined to leave under any inducements. To speculators and tempting offers they were deaf and immovable; but who can resist the commands of fire? Sitting in their parlors they awaited, pale and trembling, the approach of the flames. Like veritable descendants of the Puritans, they would not fly until the last moment. But when that last moment came, their only thought was to rescue the precious relics which had been religiously handed down for generations. One of them rushed into the street tugging away manfully at a huge carved oaken table, which, by dint of almost herculean efforts—for her—she had succeeded in getting as far as the sidewalk. Here, with the accustomed total depravity of inanimate things, it defied her, and despite all her exertions she could move it but a few inches at a time. Behind her the flames roared and crackled fiercely, but to all recommendations to leave she replied that the table had “come over in the Mayflower,” and that she would sooner lose life itself than the memorable piece of furniture. Another, of a stouter build, shouldered a large clock and trudged off with it manfully, the disarranged machinery beating a perpetual alarm as though protesting wildly against such sacrilegious handling.

*A Cheerless Sabbath Morning.*

Early in the morning of that sleepless night of men and the elements, nearly the whole of the lower business part of the city was in ashes or in flames. Walls fell with a sullen roar, sending up showers of sparks and cinders, and the lurid smoke that rolled above the town. The rising sun was scarcely noticed in the unearthly light as of the day of doom. Between four and five o'clock the gas gave out down town. Houses and whole blocks of buildings were being blowed up, and this noise added the effect of bombardment to that of the devastating fire. The streets were surging with people running and riding, and getting at trucks and carts to carry away things. In Broad street, where for some reason or other, numbers of people had congregated, goods were thrown and fell into the harbor, the sight from which was most gloomily magnificent. It was Sunday morning, but no one except a few devotees thought of attending church, and as the day went on, services were generally abandoned. The streets were crowded with carriages and cabs, and nothing could recall the old-time Boston Sabbath. From the neighboring towns the firemen began to come, and there was need of them, for the firemen of the city were all but exhausted to death by the terrible ordeal through which they had passed, and in which not a few of them had perished.

*How the Helpers were Received.*

Steam engines arrived from all parts of the State, and from New Hampshire. Two came from Portland, with four hundred citizens, to lend their aid, and as they made for the scene of action they were greeted with cheers and even tears. The police, too, were exhausted, and the military had, to some extent, to take their place. They had worked hard during that awful night, when it was no easy task to keep the city in order. Thefts and robberies of the most barefaced and outrageous sorts had been committed in the open street. Women had been knocked down, and the valuables they were removing had been taken from them. The already crowded jails and station houses were taxed heavily, and not less that between two hundred and three hundred arrests having been made. "What is to be done?" was on every body's lips, and curses were freely given to the authority which refused to allow the horses to be used at the first alarm of fire, because they were just recovering from the epizootic disorder. But every feeling was subordinate to that of the dread of the fire, which was still raging with unabated fury. Food and drink were brought to the firemen who had worked so long and so well, but many of them were so sorely exhausted that they could not eat or drink, and worked on mechanically.

*After the Worst was over.*

As there was a dark side to the picture of the Boston disaster, so also was there a bright one. The tele-

graph wires that on Sunday flashed the news which so startled the nation, on Monday brought the cheering words that the greatest city of all New England had been rescued. Boston saved ! saved from the terrible fate of total destruction by fire, which but a few short hours before threatened her, was the glad tidings that greeted the people of every city on Monday. The flames had at last been conquered ; the brave and energetic firemen finally proving more than an equal to the furious element. Thousands heard of the grand achievement for which the gallant men battled so hard, and thanked God that their efforts had been successful.

*The Gallant Firemen.*

No words can picture the sufferings of these bold, self-sacrificing men during that long, long night. Holding their ground amid the terrific explosions of gas, they did their duty grandly. Saved ! saved ! was on every lip as daylight appeared, and that fearful red glare, which had kept the father, the mother, and the child from bed during the entire night, was no more to be seen. Well, well were the firemen repaid for their determined efforts to stay the flames and save the tenement houses. The "God bless the brave fellows" was heard on every hand. Women came from their homes, sometimes distant a dozen squares, bringing warm coffee and bread for those that were hungry, and nothing that the firemen needed but was quickly secured for them. The night guard, who had patrolled the streets, watching for the skulking thieves, were

not forgotten. They also came in for a share of the praise awarded by the people. The policemen of Boston will never forget the scenes they witnessed while the flames were leaping from street to street, sweeping everything before it. The man-vulture seeking for prey, the frantic merchant, almost crazed by his sudden fall from wealth to poverty, the frightened mother, with her babe in her arms, the careful and cool father, watching the chances of his home escaping, all came under the eye of the guardian of the peace. Here he would see the merchant prince, who, on Saturday, locked his doors on immense treasures, roaming through the streets, well knowing that he had not only been impoverished, but that he was threatened with being made homeless by the terrible fiend. Men almost insane he would see flying through the excited masses, where and for what he could not tell; all, all was consternation before him. The ruined financier, the impoverished mechanic, the helpless and homeless shop girl, and the thousands and tens of thousands of other representatives of society, all united in the general misery, is a spectacle which he can never efface from his memory.

Many interesting stories are told of hairbreadth escapes and daring ventures which transpired during the conflagration. In deeds of individual heroism the inhabitants of Boston showed themselves to be worthy of their ancient fame, and the fortitude with which they bore up against their overwhelming losses, excited the admiration of the thousands of strangers from all parts of the country who crowded the streets,



gratifying their curiosity, as much as the sentries and soldiers would allow, with a view of the ruins.

*Boston by Candle-light.*

Without gas, and with only the flicker of candle-light to facilitate locomotion, the city presented a lonely and desolate appearance by night after the fire. The streets were dark and sadly gloomy, and the terrible force of the calamity was brought nearer to the hearts of the people than it was when the fire was fiercest and hottest. Twelve hundred of the State militia were on duty all over the city. Every street in Boston was guarded by bayonets, and the burnt district was encircled by a double line of soldiers. The tramp, tramp of the sentinels, as they paced their lonely beats, and the dangerous click of the gun locks as they challenged those who manifested a desire to encroach upon their domain, brought back the days of the war. Really, in fact, if not by public proclamation, Boston was literally under martial law Monday and Tuesday nights. Here and there a squad of the horse patrol dashed through the streets, in and out of the burned district, and the dark blue coats and brass buttons of the city police were omnipresent.

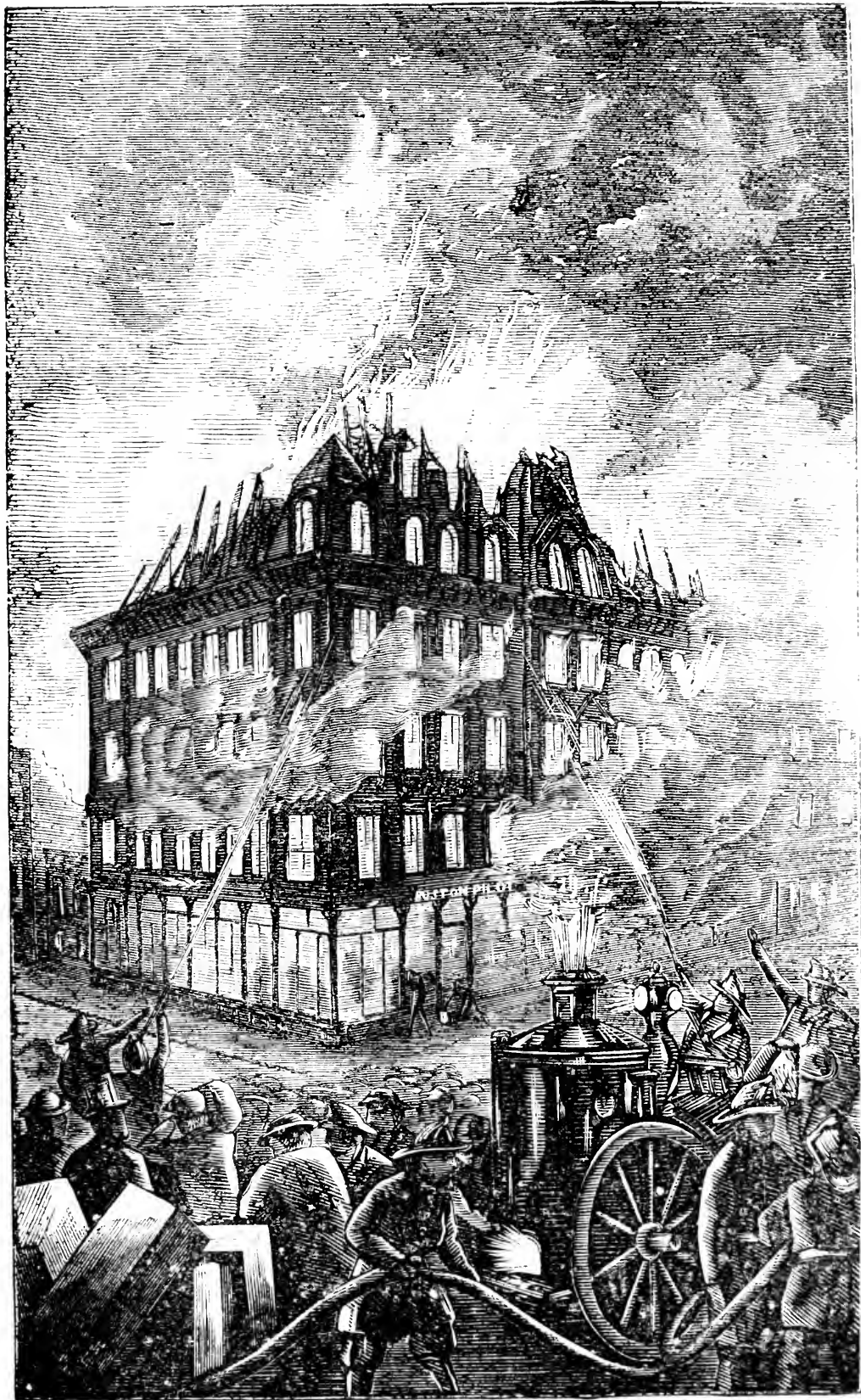
*Viewing the Flames on Saturday night.*

Many persons viewed the ravages of the flames during Saturday and Sunday nights, from the highest points of observation in the city. From the roof of the Parker House, the sight was simply terrible.

Sheets of flame and dense clouds of smoke overhung the whole southeastern prospect, and in the great whole it was impossible to distinguish clearly any one point which would show precisely where the limit of the fire was. Up Franklin street the fire came, one building after another pouring flame out of its windows, and in a short time crumbling down and giving place to its neighbor, by that time fiercely burning.

The scenes in the Parker House were of the utmost confusion. When the *Transcript* building went, and further up the Marlborough Hotel was reported on fire, it was thought by many that it was merely a question of hours before the Parker House should be consumed; and although scarcely an inmate of the house was not up viewing the scene, every room was visited, and the occupants admonished to have their baggage removed, and be ready to vacate on a moment's notice. Trunks and boxes were carted away, and all the hacks were in constant motion carrying boarders away to safer quarters.

In South Boston, during the whole of Saturday night, nearly all the men whose business interests had not called them to the city proper, spent the weary, anxious hours in watching the progress of the destroyer, and in efforts to preserve their own and their neighbors' property from ruin which threatened from the sea of sparks that deluged the outer portion of the peninsula. Gazing cityward from any of the eminences, as the Blind Asylum Hill, Independence Square, and Telegraph Hill, the sight was inexpressibly, magnificently terrible. The eyes were almost



BURNING OF THE "BOSTON PILOT" BUILDINGS.



blinded by the seething, surging sea of flame, its hungry tongues leaping eagerly upward from their withering encounter with their prey, soaring to the zenith, and thence away to the southeast, wrapped in densely rolling clouds of lurid smoke spangled with myriads of vivid sparks. The ears were deafened with the steady horrible roar of the flames and the almost incessant crash of falling walls. Showers of shining cinders fell thickly all about—even blazing brands as large as one's hand, were wafted over by the breeze, and threatened destruction to the wooden buildings with which this portion of the city is crowded.

All South Boston east of H street, and particularly between I and L streets, was directly in the path of the sparks and brands. Flakes of granite from some of the magnificent buildings destroyed, fragments of slate and even whole sheets of roofing tin were borne across the harbor by the strong currents of heated air and smoke and fell thickly upon the house-tops and pavements. There were many narrow escapes from damage by fire in the vicinity of City Point. One building near the gas house on K street, which was occupied by several families as a dwelling house, was fired, but fortunately discovered in time to be extinguished. Two or three firebrands, a foot or more in length, fell upon the roof of a house on Broadway, three or four doors beyond K street, and one on the roof nearest K street, where it burned for several minutes. Both these roofs being slated no damage was done, though in the former case there was a narrow escape from the ignition of the woodwork of

several dormer windows. In both cases, and among nearly all the residents in this vicinity, the owners and occupants of dwellings sat through the night wrapped in rugs or blankets upon their roofs, with pails of water at hand, or patrolled the streets and yards, watching the falling missiles and promptly extinguishing them as soon as possible.

Nearly all night crowds occupied the places on the hills whence, through open spaces or cross streets, views of the fire could be obtained, and mournfully gazed at the destruction taking place. Even Sunday night many people occupied these points of observation, and watched with satisfaction the gradual deadening of the flames. The sight was a peculiar one at this time. The fierce blaze, the wild flames leaping from building to building and wrapping stately blocks in a scarlet winding sheet, were gone. In their place huge fields of glowing ruins, covered with smouldering lambent fires, occasionally broken by piles of half-destroyed debris or standing walls, up which the blaze climbed and played, while over all hung a dense, murky pall of smoke, slowly floating to the southward in rolling, heaving billows, borne by the gentle breeze.

The elevated site of old Dorchester Heights, now generally known as Telegraph Hill, was visited during Saturday night and Sunday by hundreds of persons, who there obtained a grand view of the great catastrophe. The scene of the fire when at its height, was most vivid and distinct, and left an impression which the beholders will never forget. The march of the fire in certain directions was clearly traced, and

the brilliant skeletons of once magnificent structures came out fully in the background, while the roaring of the flames, the whistle of the steamers and the crash of the engines were plainly heard and even penetrated every home.

After ten o'clock Saturday night, and when it had become evident to every one in South Boston that a second Chicago calamity was impending over the city proper, a busy scene commenced in Wards Seven and Twelve. The curious and the pecuniarily interested began to throng on foot the streets leading to the conflagration, while the South Boston horse cars were filled to their extreme capacity. The streets (generally so free from vehicles at this hour) also began to ring with the clatter of carts and express wagons of every description, some of the drivers taking over teams belonging to firms, in order to be ready to convey goods, if necessary, to a place of safety, while other expressmen had in view a prospect of reaping a rich harvest from panic prices.

From the suburban towns, the homes of many of the prominent business men who are beggared by the fire, the scene was grand and terrible. Huge volumes of smoke rolled up from the burning buildings, while the horizon was as light as at midday. Occasionally the flames would throw themselves to a great height, and then the sight was truly magnificent. But there were few who could enjoy the scene; there were too many anxious hearts, too many fortunes at stake, the support of too many families endangered. Those who were fortunate enough to secure transportation to the

city were surrounded on their return by an anxious crowd of inquirers—none of whom could sleep, and only passed the night in gloomy forebodings. Hundreds walked to the city, and the thoroughfares and railroads were filled with pedestrians on Saturday night and all day Sunday, who were unable to reach the city by any other way. Many of these returned Sunday only to announce to their families the fact that they were utterly ruined, their property all gone, the accumulations of years of earnest toil and industry scattered to the four winds of heaven in one single night. Others there were who returned with more cheerful tidings, and were received by their families with expressions of gladness. Those, however, who witnessed the grand and terrible scenes of Saturday night from the suburbs, will never forget it; the danger was, if anything, magnified by the distance, and the fearful rumors which were momentarily received raised the excitement to its highest pitch.

The light of the fire was seen at a distance of a hundred miles, and it cast over the surrounding country a glare which seemed like the lurid light of a burning cauldron. The church steeples, and especially the dome of the State House, stood out in brilliant magnificence, while every street which centered upon the vast conflagration was radiant with the light of the great fire.

The buildings destroyed were so vast, and erected of such heavy material, that the whole space over which the fire swept is literally choked with broken blocks of granite, fallen iron columns and huge masses of



bricks. In Chicago where the streets were wide and the heat so intense as to crumble marble and brick into powder, the thoroughfares were cleared with comparatively little labor, where they were encumbered at all, which was seldom the case. But here the streets are narrow and crooked, and the buildings were composed of so much better material, that the wreck is much more difficult to get out of the way. All the streets after the fire were covered with the fallen ruins, so that it was impossible to take a horse and wagon anywhere in the burnt district, and the whole of the sixty acres were so thickly strewn with the *debris* that he who explored the area had to clamber over granite blocks, hot piles of bricks, and stumble against the projecting ends of iron columns half buried in the mass of rubbish.

Most singular of all these fragments was in the case of the Purchase Street Church. This was an ancient edifice, built in the most solid manner of stone, but the sides had, nevertheless, fallen in, and the front wall, surmounted at the apex with a massive square stone tower, alone remained upright. This wall had, however, been eaten out at the top by the fire until the tower seemed perched in the air, balanced upon a single stone hardly three inches through. Every one who passed stopped to wonder at this marvel, and there was no one, probably, who did not expect to see the tower fall; but it did not, nor did many others which seemed to have the least right to be remaining upright.

*Hard Work for the Newspaper Men.*

Newspaper men and telegraph operators had a bad time of it. Early in the foregoing evening there had been a reunion of the members of the city press at the Revere House, and it had been attended by large numbers of the journalists, who were suddenly called out to attend to business, which was far from being congenial with the state of mind they were in. They hurried to and fro, gathering news and thinking of how to write it up, and when some of them returned to their places of labor, they found them burned to the ground, or requiring their immediate attendance to see about the removal of their appurtenances. Between four and five o'clock the *Transcript* office was on fire, and soon went down; and the office of the *Post*, *Globe*, and *Traveller*, were in imminent peril of experiencing a like fate. The whole of Pearl street was in ruins, and in Washington street the heat was so intense that the firemen had to retreat before it. At the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, which at six o'clock was yet untouched by fire, the operators had been forced to throw off their coats and work in their shirt sleeves, on account of the heat. At nine o'clock the buildings were yet being blown up, but there seemed to be no hope of suppressing the fire in that way even, for their destruction seemed but to add fuel to the flames. Work went on till, at one o'clock, as the wind had died out, there seemed some likelihood of at length beating the fire, and at three o'clock it was certain that this could be done.

*The District Burned—Where the Fire Originated—  
Interesting Historical Reminiscences—The great  
Business Houses and Institutions Destroyed.*

The locality in which the fire originated is all historical ground. There stood the houses of Edward Everett, and in the front corner, commanding a fine view of Summer street, towards the common, was the study wherein he was wont to slowly compose and elaborately polish his celebrated eloquent impromptus. The building was large and expensive, in those days dignified by the sounding title of "mansion." Even now it would pass muster in this city as the residence of some wealthy and cultivated gentleman, who cared more for solid comfort than pretentious show. The immediate neighborhood was inhabited by descendants, and in some instances founders, of the "best families." On the right of Mr. Everett's house stood that of Mr. John Tappan, brother of Arthur Tappan, the celebrated abolitionist, and so well known as intimately connected with him in his revolutionary movements. This house was set back from the sidewalk some forty feet, occupying the corner of Summer street, and running back some ways along Arch court. It had in front a well kept garden, and behind a spacious yard. In its parlors could often be seen together the three brothers—Charles, Arthur and John—all equally engaged in abolition, though the two former were by far the most prominent. The latter was generally contented to be the "silent partner" and pay the larger portion of the expenses of the movement. At one time he, in common with many others of the more

enthusiastic Bostonians, would use no sugar, as it was the product of slave labor. Only within a very few years was the old-fashioned building torn down, crumbling under the advance of business as its successor has crumbled before the advance of business' master. Within a stone's throw stood the old house in which lived Mrs. John Hancock at the time she issued her celebrated order that her handmaidens should go forth and "milk all the cows upon the common." In Arch court, a few feet below the termination of John Tappan's grounds, was a library, old-fashioned and quaint as the locality in which it stood, partly on one side of the lane—it was no more than that—and partly above the arch which sprang across the street, giving it its name.

Within the last few years, however, with the decease of the ancient residents came the removal of their descendants to Back Bay, and the removal of ancient landmarks themselves to the dilapidated Gehenna of contractors' rubbish. Tall buildings arose upon their sites extending from Washington street to Broad. Granite usurped the place of gardens, and Mansard roofs rose far higher than the superseded mansions ever durst aspire. These buildings would remind one somewhat of the Equitable in New York city, though they were much less ornate, being for the most part of a plain, unrelieved surface. As the telegraph has told, they were occupied principally by large and extensive dealers. Summer street was one of the narrowest in that city of narrow streets, the roadway being not much more than thirty feet wide.

*Pearl Street*

was the greatest boot and shoe market in the world—with the exception of a restaurant for boot and shoe dealers, a newspaper devoted to the boot and shoe trade, and other establishments as intimately connected with the business, there were no buildings on the street not occupied by merchants in this special line of trade. Here were the city headquarters of the vast manufactories of Lynn and the other leather towns on the line of the Eastern and other railroads going out from Boston, and the effects flowing from the destruction of this street alone will be felt as much outside of the city as they will be in it. On Franklin, Chauncey, Summer, and the streets in their immediate vicinity, were the great establishments—depots of the mills throughout the Eastern States—that made Boston the leading market for American dry goods, and the destruction of the goods stored in these buildings will be felt quite as widely as will be that of the loss of the boot and shoe houses of Pearl street.

*Boston stands first*

among American cities in its receipts and sales of wool, and the dealers in this staple were clustered in the very heart of the burnt district. Here, too, were the wholesale dealers in iron, groceries, clothing, paper, fancy goods, stationery, books, and pictures, music and musical instruments, jewelry, tobacco, wines and liquors—in fact, in all the articles that are the necessities or luxuries of our modern civilized life. The

great transportation companies had, too, their offices here and near by; the city express companies had also branch offices. This mere sketch will serve to show how valuable were the contents of that portion of the city which is now in ashes. To give a particular description of all the buildings destroyed would be, of course, impossible, but a few of those, which were and are not, are worthy of special mention.

*Jordan, Marsh & Co.'s Store.*

At the corner of Washington street and Central court was the elegant building occupied by Jordan, Marsh & Co., as a retail dry goods store. It had a fine front of dark freestone, eighty feet long on Washington street and five stories high. The street floor and basement only were at first occupied by the firm. The second floor was used as a wareroom by Chickering & Sons, the rear being finished off into a beautiful hall, while the upper floors were let to lodgers. The whole building was, however, eventually occupied by the firm, and the wholesale department was removed from Devonshire street to a new building in the rear. The two structures covered a surface of from twenty thousand to twenty-three thousand square feet, and were connected by an excavated passage-way. Each building was furnished with a passenger and a freight elevator, all of them operated by a stationary engine in the passage way between the two buildings.

*Macullar, Williams & Parker.*

A magnificent marble structure on Washington street, built by the trustees of the Sears estate, was occupied by Macullar, Williams & Parker, for their great wholesale and retail clothing manufactory and salesroom. Its marble front was one of the finest in the country, and its internal arrangements were as perfect as its architecture. It was built especially for this firm, and was arranged to suit them. At the time it was erected, it was the largest building in the world, wholly devoted to the business of clothing manufacture. It fronted only forty feet on Washington street, but extended back to Hawley street two hundred and fifty feet, and was five stories in height.

*Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association.*

The fine hall of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association stood upon the northwest corner of Bedford and Chauncey streets. This association, of which Paul Revere was the first president, had been agitating the question of erecting a hall for more than half a century before the steps were finally taken that resulted in the building of this structure. The land was bought in December, 1856, for \$31,000. It fronts ninety-three feet on Chauncey street, and sixty-five feet on Bedford street. The building was immediately begun upon a plan designed by Hammatt Billings, and was completed and dedicated in March, 1860, at a cost, including land, of about \$320,000. It was constructed of dark freestone, in a modification of

the Italian Renaissance style of architecture. The large hall and the accompanying rooms on the second floor have for some time been used by the Boston Board of Trade and the National Board of Trade. Within the limits of that portion of the city over which the fire extended, was situated the office of one of the leading journals of Boston—

*The "Transcript."*

The office of the Boston "Transcript" was a handsome granite structure, four stories high, with a double French roof above. As with most of the other Boston papers, the basement and street floor were reserved for press-room and business office, the second, third, and fourth floors were let, and the two upper floors were used as editorial and composing-rooms. The "Transcript" was the pioneer evening journal of Boston, and is, next to the "Advertiser," the oldest daily newspaper in the city. It was first published in July, 1830, and the senior partner of the original firm is still the head of the house. The experiment of an evening paper was for some time one of doubtful success, but the "Transcript" grew in popularity, and now no paper in Boston is more firmly established. During the more than forty years since its first publication, it has had but four editors-in-chief, of whom the present editor is now in the twentieth year of his service. The paper has always maintained a high tone, although, aside from its news matter, it has been chiefly devoted to literary gossip and criticism.



## THE HEAVY LOSERS.

*Alphabetical List of the Losers by the Fire, with the amounts in many cases.*

The following list shows the principal firms who sustained heavy losses by the fire :

Abbott, Dexter.  
Aborn, Fay & Co.  
Allen, Lane & Co., \$250,000.  
Anderson, Heath & Co., \$100,000.  
Armstrong & Co., lithographers.  
Baldwin, S. P.  
Bailey & Jenkins, wool.  
Barnes, Ward & Co., \$300,000.  
Brown, Dutton & Co., \$300,000.  
Bowen, Moore & Co., \$10,000.  
Bennett, B. F. & Folden.  
Brewer & Tileston, publishers.  
Bennett & Tilden.  
Beaver & Co., leather.  
Boone, Connell & Co., \$75,000.  
Brodembrown, Steeper, Fisk & Co.  
Bliss, Whiting & McKenna, \$100,000.  
Bramhall, Otis.  
Bothwell, Potter & Co., clothing.  
Brewer, A. & Co.

Brown, Lewis & Co., \$50,000.  
Boyd, George W. & Co., \$100,000.  
Boyce, Tuck & Co.  
Burr, Taft & Co.  
Burrage, J. C. & Co., \$200,000.  
Burr, Brothers & Co. trimmings.  
Burr, Brown & Co.  
Byas, E. C., \$50,000.  
Bigelow, J. R.  
Benedict & Barnham.  
Banfield & Farwell.  
Boston & Sandwich Glass Co.  
Bliss, F. D. & Co.  
Brown, George B. & Co.  
Bingham, O. A. & Co.  
Coley & Co., commission.  
Clark, Geo. T., morocco.  
Chaffee & Whitney, \$20,000.  
Champney Brothers & Co., \$150,000.  
Chamberlain, Currier & Co., \$100,000.  
Chandler & Boynton.  
Converse, Harding & Co., \$300,000.  
Chick & Andrews.  
Cobb, Isaac B.  
Commonwealth, Bank of.  
Cushing & Blair, \$75,000.  
Cook, J. B., cut glass.  
Cutler, E. P.  
Cooper, J., plumber.  
Clark & Warren.  
Damon, Temple & Co., \$100,000.

Danforth, Clark & Co., \$250,000.

Daggett, F. K.

Despeaux, Blake & Co.

Deming, Rice & Co.

Denny, Rice & Co., \$300,000.

Dennison & Co., tags.

Donahoe, P., Boston *Pilot*.

Dubue, J. P. P.

Dunphy, Phillips & Sherman.

Eastern Express Company.

Eager, Bartlett & Co., \$200,000.

Eugenie Chapine, \$40,000.

Emigrant's Saving Bank.

Ellis, F. D. & Co.

Ewing & Fuller, linens.

Erving, Wise & Fuller, \$56,000.

Flint, Thomas & Co.

Fisher, Sidney & Co.

Franks, Wheeler & Co., trimmings.

Farley, Anderson & Co., trimmings.

Farwell, N. W. & Co., \$50,000.

Field, Thayer & Co.

Flint & Claton.

Flint & Hall.

Freye, Phillips & Co., \$200,000.

French & Coffin, saddlery.

Folsom, A. & Sons, \$30,000.

Floyd Brothers & Co.

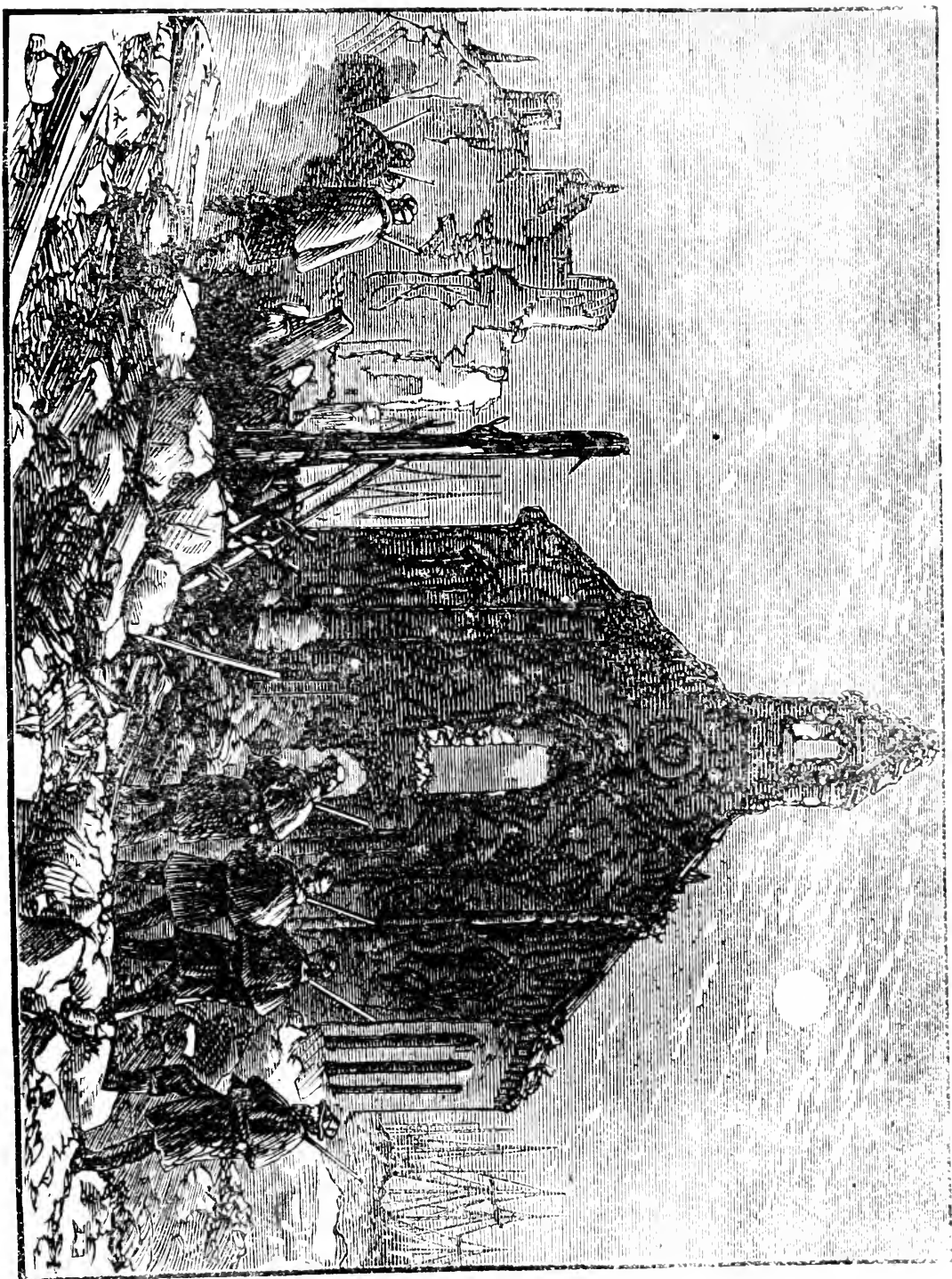
Francis & Wallon.

Gardner, Brewer & Co.

Garrage Brothers.

Glazier, George M., \$200,000.  
Gordon, Royen & Co.  
Goff, J. J.  
Goning & Gear, \$75,000.  
Griswold, D. C., \$200,000.  
Grinnell, C. B. & Sons.  
Grinnell, B., \$20,000,  
Hamilton, A. & Co.  
Hallowell & Coburn, \$40,000.  
Hallowell, I. N. P.  
Harding, Brothers & Co., \$250,000.  
Hager & Co.  
Hickley, William, straw goods.  
Heiwer & Bro., \$200,000.  
Houghton, Perkins & Wood, \$400,000.  
Hodge, Davis M.  
Holbrook, Floyd & Co.  
Hogan & Co.  
Hendrick & Co.  
Holt, Twitchell & Co., leather.  
Home, J. C. & Co.  
Hewins, William & Reed.  
Homer & Wyoth, hides.  
Hosmer & Co.  
Hathaway, C. L. & Sons.  
Hilton & Co., wool.  
Hayden & Co.  
Headdock & Briggs.  
Heanny, Cormeran & Co.  
Hood, M. C. & Co, shirts.  
Hoyt, Wheeler & Bradley.

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Hathaway & Sons.  
Hilton & Co.  
Howe, Pierce & Co.  
Harrison, Clark & Andrews, crockery.  
Hepgood & Co., shoes.  
Hunt & Russell.  
Leeland, Allen & Bates, \$300,000.  
Leonard, Rice & Co.  
Lovejoy, Gilbert & Co.  
Lowrey, N. & Co., carpets.  
Lenox, H. & Co.  
Lindsley & Gibbs.  
Lyons, D. & Co., \$40,000.  
Lewis, Broom & Co., kid gloves.  
Lockwood & Clork, wool.  
Lampkin, Foster & Co.  
Leeds & Ross.  
Lackborn, G. B. & Co., wool.  
Mann, Bowers & Sawyer.  
Moore, Andrew J. & Co.  
Mack, Hood & Co.  
Marr Brothers, \$100,000.  
Marshall, J. P. & Bro.  
Maxlin, Mullan & Ellres, \$200,000.  
Macintire, Laurie & Co., \$150,000.  
Mason, Tuck & Co., \$175,000.  
Mitchell, Green & Stevens, \$250,000.  
Morse, Hammond & Co., \$150,000.  
Miney, Beale & Hackett, \$250,000.  
Messenger, E. F. & Co., \$200,000.  
Miller & Tilson, shirts.

Melerdié, Hixon & Co.  
Morse, Johnson & Co.  
McEnnis, John & Co.  
Maxwell, John.  
Mandell, Dwinnal & Co.  
Marvin, S. R. & Sons, printers.  
Morse, Denny & Co., wool.  
Marion & Co., commission.  
Mitchell, Green & Stephens, clothing.  
New England Glass Co.  
New England Type Foundry.  
Nelson, A. M. & Co.  
Nichols & Miller, painters.  
Nichols, J. N. & Co. chemists.  
Niles, J. B. & R., printers.  
Nicholas & Sons.  
North, A. B. & Sons, \$100,000.  
Ordway Brothers, millinery.  
Ordway, Blodgett & Co., \$300,000.  
Page Betting Co.  
Parker, Wilder & Co., \$250,000.  
Parker, Nichols & Dupee, \$100,000.  
Palmer, J. B. & Co.  
Phillips, Sampson & Co., \$80,000.  
Parker & Co.  
Peck, A. D. & Co.  
Pierce, Hardy & Co., \$200,000.  
Putnam, G. P. & Co.  
Pratt, E. B. & Co.  
Pratt, Albert S., \$20,000.  
Prager, Boek & Co., \$200,000.



Priest, C. C. & Co.  
Proctor, Thomas E.  
Price, Tuck & Co., thread.  
Porter Brothers, commission.  
Quinn, Daniel A. & Co.  
Rand, O. J.  
Reed & Bowen, commission.  
Rowe & Waugh.  
Richardson, Doyle & Co.  
Richardson, Bird & Co.  
Rhodes & Ripley, \$150,000.  
Richardson, Geo. C. & Co.  
Rice, Kendall & Co., paper.  
Rice, Goddard & Co., printers.  
Rogers & Co., \$200,000.  
Rogers, J. L. & C.  
Say, Richard L.  
Sampson, Hall & Co., \$75,000.  
Salomons, B. L. & Sons, \$250,000.  
Sawyer, Mansfield & Co., \$125,000.  
Safford, Nate & Wilson, \$250,000.  
Sargeant Brothers & Co., \$500,000.  
Simons Brothers, \$100,000.  
Smith, Richardson & Corson, \$30,000.  
Smith, Stebbins & Co., \$200,000.  
Skinner, James & Co., \$20,000.  
Stewart, A. T. & Co, \$200,000.  
Styles, Bale & Homer, \$150,000.  
Seavey, Foster & Bowman, \$125,000.  
Stephenson Brothers.  
Sticker Brothers, \$75,000

Spagney, Thomas.  
Stows, Amariah & Co., cards.  
Sprague, Thomas & Co., saddlery.  
Spaulding, E. & Johnson.  
Southwick & Sands.  
Spinner, W. B. & Co.  
Sanford, Soule & Co.  
Sherberne & Co.  
Samuels, H., cigars.  
Tappan, J. H. A. & Co.  
Terrace & Milliken, \$7,000.  
Tibbetts, Baldwin & Davis, \$30,000.  
Tracy, J. H., Son & Co.  
Tyler, Thomas H., \$5,000.  
Tyler, James.  
Tyler, J. L.  
Tyler, J. S., trunks.  
Villa, James & Co.  
Walden Brothers.  
Walker, C. & Co.  
Walker, Joseph & Co.  
Washington Glass Works.  
Watson & Clark, painters.  
Watson, Geo. B.  
Way, Hewins & Reid.

## THE INSURANCE.

*The Losses by the Great Companies and their Effect upon the Business.*

It is too early to state, or even estimate the insurance losses at Boston. Enough, however, is known to warrant the assurance that while the companies have received a severe blow, the majority of them will withstand the shock. The Chicago fire was a greater calamity than the catastrophe at Boston. Moreover, the losses were distributed over fewer companies. Now, as then, the strong companies will emerge with improved credit and distinction. They have been improving steadily since the Chicago fire, and, having received increased rates all over the country, are now in a better position to sustain the blow. As for the smaller companies, it will be found, in most cases, that the proportion of their losses to their resources is smaller than that of the companies which transacted an agency business. The lists which are given elsewhere, show the names of all companies which were regularly admitted to do business in Massachusetts. Of course the brunt of the disaster falls on them. But in addition to the companies which were regularly authorized to write risks in Massachusetts, it will be found that there are many other companies not so authorized, which have lost (though in most cases inconsiderably) on risks offered to them by brokers at

their home offices. It is not unreasonable to suppose that nearly every stock insurance company in the United States has lost something, but the great bulk of the losses, it is to be remembered, falls upon the companies whose names appear in the lists as authorized to do business in Massachusetts. These are as follows :

American, New York, . . . . .	\$80,000
American, Exchange, . . . . .	10,000
Arctic, . . . . .	100,000
Black River, . . . . .	35,000
Brewers' and Malsters', . . . . .	50,000
Capital City, . . . . .	none
Citizens', New York, . . . . .	250,000
City, New York, . . . . .	130,000
Clinton, . . . . .	50,000
Columbia, . . . . .	75,000
Commercial, . . . . .	80,000
Eagle, . . . . .	none
Gebhard, . . . . .	22,500
German-American, . . . . .	100,000
Germania, . . . . .	275,000
Glen's Falls, . . . . .	50,000
Greenwich, . . . . .	20,000
Hamilton, . . . . .	none
Hanover, . . . . .	275,000
Howard, . . . . .	none
International, . . . . .	300,000
Jefferson, . . . . .	10,000
Kings County, . . . . .	15,000
Lafayette, . . . . .	5,000
Long Island, . . . . .	none
Lorillard, . . . . .	80,000
Market, . . . . .	60,000
Manhattan, . . . . .	35,000

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Mechanics', . . . . .	5,000
Mechanics' and Traders', . . . . .	25,000
Nassau, . . . . .	none
New York Equitable, . . . . .	15,000
New York, . . . . .	none
Pacific, . . . . .	15,000
Relief, . . . . .	60,000
Rutgers, . . . . .	none
Standard, . . . . .	357,000
Star, . . . . .	150,000
United States, . . . . .	5,000
Williamsburg City, . . . . .	100,000
Liverpool, London and Globe, . . . . .	1,639,500
Washington, N. Y., . . . . .	90,000
Farragut, . . . . .	20,000
Commerce, . . . . .	62,000
Fireman's, . . . . .	122,000
Republic, . . . . .	200,000
Importers' and Traders', . . . . .	32,000
St. Nicholas, . . . . .	15,000
Westchester, . . . . .	75,000
Manufacturers' and Builders', . . . . .	none
Lamar, . . . . .	heavy
Exchange, . . . . .	15,000
American Central, . . . . .	15,000
Farmers' of New York, . . . . .	5,000
Lancaster, . . . . .	none
Pennsylvania Underwriters, . . . . .	15,000
Niagara, not over, . . . . .	300,000
Springfield, . . . . .	250,000
Tradesmen's . . . . .	240,000
Traders', Chicago, . . . . .	30,000
Commerce, Albany, . . . . .	50,000
Alps, . . . . .	34,000
New York and Yonkers, . . . . .	70,000
Lancashire, . . . . .	125,000
National, New York, . . . . .	140,000

Firemen's Trust, . . . . .	\$5,000
Amazon, . . . . .	50,000
Triumph, . . . . .	50,000
St. Paul Fire and Marine, . . . . .	20,000
Girard, . . . . .	50,000
Globe, . . . . .	15,000
Montauk, . . . . .	5,000
Ætna, Hartford, . . . . .	750,000
Hartford, . . . . .	550,000
Connecticut, . . . . .	20,000
Orient, . . . . .	150,000
National, of Hartford, . . . . .	125,000
Phoenix, Hartford, . . . . .	450,000

*Philadelphia Companies.*

North American, . . . . .	\$900,000
Franklin, . . . . .	600,000
Delaware Mutual, . . . . .	400,000
Pennsylvania, . . . . .	300,000
State of Pennsylvania, . . . . .	100,000
Union Mutual, . . . . .	34,000
Fame, . . . . .	20,000
American, . . . . .	300,000
Girard, . . . . .	50,000

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Total estimated and ascertained losses, . \$2,704,000

*Suspensions.*

In New York, as a result of the fire, the Humboldt and International companies have suspended. In Philadelphia all will weather the storm safely. All the Providence, R. I., companies say they will come out straight. The American and Mercantile, of

Boston, will go on. The Boylston must stop. The New Jersey companies lose only trifling amounts. The Continental Insurance Company of New York, has assets amounting to over \$2,000,000; if the entire amount at risk within the district is a total loss, one-half of its surplus will pay for it. The loss of the Hartford companies will not exceed the following amounts: *Ætna*, \$1,400,000; *Hartford*, \$522,000; *Phoenix*, \$500,000; *National*, \$175,000; *Orient*, \$170,000; *Connecticut*, \$100,000; total \$2,867,000.

The *Ætna* officers think by salvage and over insurance deductions their loss will be reduced to \$1,300,000, and the *National* company think that theirs will be reduced to \$150,000 from the same reductions. The amount at risk in the burned district exceeds the above figures somewhat in the case of most of the above companies, but allowing a very small percentage for salvage, it is confidently believed that the losses will not exceed the amounts named. All the *Hartford* companies are perfectly sound. The *Ætna*'s assets on November 1st, were \$5,000,000. The other companies are also in good condition to meet all their losses.

#### *On General Business*

the fire has not, up to the hour at which this volume is given to the press, had the disastrous effect that was feared. Confidence is being rapidly restored, and all apprehension of a panic is now past.

*A Boston Voice.*

The Boston *Advertiser* sums up the fire and its results, as follows :

All the domestic wool in the city has been burned, and the total number of pounds of foreign and domestic fleece and pulled wool destroyed by the fire cannot fall short of 8,000,000 pounds, while the entire stock remaining in this market consists of foreign wool, and is less than 8,000 bales. The destruction of boots, shoes, and leather has been quite as complete as that of wool, although the stock of boots and shoes in warehouses is much lighter at this season than it would have been about a month later, and the loss will consequently be less to the owners. Besides this, large quantities of boots, shoes, and leather were saved, which will materially lighten the loss of the sufferers. The wholesale clothing houses, with one or two exceptions, were completely burned, although a considerable quantity of goods were saved, and the stocks on hand were not very large. With a very few exceptions all the commission dry goods houses are burned to the ground, not even the walls of the buildings being left standing. The destruction of the jobbing houses has been nearly complete, and the agent of the largest mills in the country says that but one of all his customers in the city has a place left for business. The fire did not reach that portion of the city occupied by the provision, produce, and flour and grain trade, nor were there any losses to the fish or salt dealers, and but slight damage to the wholesale



grocers. None of the hotels have been destroyed, and the railroads, with the exception of the Hartford and Erie, have not suffered, as the fire did not extend in that direction. There is not likely to be any such serious interruption to business as a view of the burned district would at first suggest, and with characteristic energy, a large number of the merchants who have been burned out have secured rooms and offices, and will resume business at the usual hour on Monday morning.

*All the Old Boot and Shoe*

and commission firms are solvent, and even strong as before the fire, and by their solvency will preserve to Boston, unimpaired, their very valuable line of business. Very many of the jobbing firms also in the same line came out of the fire with large losses, it is true, but able to meet all their engagements, and to continue their business. The same may be said in general terms of the large manufacturers and dealers in clothing. Their stocks in hand are consumed, but their surplus of assets in bills and amounts receivable, together with what insurance they may be able to recover, will save them. That there will be failures in several of the leading lines of business is probable, but in the case of many firms, we believe, it will be found that after a suspension of payments until they can ascertain how much of their insurance can be realized, they will resume payments and go on as before.

The area of the burnt district will be found, when

carefully estimated, slightly to exceed sixty-four acres, or 2,787,840 square feet. Deducting the space covered by streets, the area occupied by buildings is a little less than two million square feet. The structures did not cover all the remaining space ; but assuming that they did, and they were worth \$10 per square foot, the entire loss in buildings will amount to \$20,000,000, an estimate to the correctness of which we have the testimony of many sagacious holders of real estate. The total number of buildings consumed may roughly be stated at about seven hundred. The loss in merchandise is set by the most competent experts at not over three times the amount of the loss of buildings, it being borne in mind that in a number of streets the structures were used principally for offices, and contained nothing very valuable, and that in many warehouses the stocks of merchandise were low, some of the dry goods commission houses, for example, having hardly any goods in store.

## AMONG THE CINDERS.

*The Feeling among the Sufferers.*

As sufferers by the fire become better acquainted with the nature and extent of their losses, the feeling of confidence grows stronger. The salvage is found to vary from fifteen to sixty per cent. in proportion to the loss, and as schedules of property are being made out with promptness, and policies and proofs of loss are in some cases already in, the work of adjustment will be an easy matter. Many of the policy holders in Boston offices have expressed their intention of returning to their favorite companies when they shall have obtained new charters, and are able to take new risks. The loss among the mutual offices in this city will fall heavily upon a class that can ill afford to meet their premium notes. A careful estimate shows that between seventy and eighty per cent. of the total amount of insurance effected in the burnt district will be at once paid.

*Unprotected Property.*

On Monday morning there were \$308,000,000 worth of property left uninsured by the bankruptcy of the companies which protected it on Saturday, and some of the parties interested are carrying their own risks until new companies can be formed and chartered.

*Opening the Safes.*

A large number of the safes opened to-day contained nothing but ashes. This was the case with safes of various makers. The safe of Palmer, Batchelder & Co., extensive jewellers, on Washington street, which, when the fire was approaching the store, was filled with watches and much valuable jewelry, there being no time to take them to a place of safety, was found to contain, when opened, melted gold, and the safe of a safe-manufacturing company also contained, when opened, nothing but cinders. The contents of the brick vaults have, as a general thing, been found to be all right. Some considerable loss has been occasioned by the opening of the safes too soon.

*Temporary Occupancy of Fort Hill.*

The lands on the Fort Hill territory asked for by the shoe and leather dealers burned out, for temporary buildings, have been granted by the city authorities. The structures must be fire-proof, and not over twenty feet high. Occupancy is given from the 1st of December to the 1st of June next, the lessees to pay six per cent. per annum on the assessed value of the land.

*Recovered from Thieves.*

That thieves from some quarter operated diligently during the fire is shown conclusively, by the fact that between \$300,000 and \$400,000 worth of stolen property was recovered by the police officers within five days after the fire.

*The Temporary Post Office.*

The work of remodelling the venerable and sacred old South Church for a temporary post office, to be used until the new post office is ready for occupancy, will be immediately begun. It will be entirely overhauled, and its familiar look will forever disappear. It is now the intention of the pew owners to dispose of it, so soon as the postal department gets through with it, for business purposes. So another old Boston landmark is doomed. Probably before long the old State House will be removed, and ten years hence no one will be able to find, except in the guide books or city histories, any reminder of the Boston of the early days. The new post office cannot be occupied for a long season, for a large portion of it must be rebuilt. The terrible heat of the flames which raged around it on every side has cracked and crumbled the granite of the vast pavilions of the Milk and Water street facades. It is said that arrangements will doubtless be made for extending the edifice to Congress street, thus covering the entire square. In this event it is proposed to make Congress street a grand avenue seventy-five or a hundred feet wide, extending from State street to one of the new bridges across Fort Point Channel. A broad belt across the city would thus be given, where a successful stand could be made against a fire. Should this broad "Phoenix avenue" be constructed, and the post office building be extended, the principal front would be on that side and the United States Courts probably located in the extension. Should this be

done, and the proposed Central Exchange and the new County Court House be located on the same avenue, there would be a noble group of fire-proof buildings, which would be as effectual a protection to the neighborhood as was the new post office to the buildings around it.

*Removing the Ruins.*

The experiment of blowing up the wall of W. H. Gleson's granite building, in the square formed by the junction of Summer and High streets, proved perfectly successful. The first charge, of five pounds, was effective in blowing out the northerly wall only, but the second charge, of twelve pounds (one pound to a cartridge), lifted the massive walls from their foundations, and they dropped perpendicularly into the cellar and upon the sidewalk, scarcely a stone verging from a direct downward course so far as to fall into the street.

*A Safe with \$150,000 in it intact.*

The safe of Westcott & Co., on High street, was recovered and its contents of \$150,000 found uninjured, after sixty-two hours' exposure to the intense heat. The locality had been guarded by a detachment of dragoons.

*What is said of Mansard Roofs.*

The fury against the Mansards is especially general and violent, and the intense feeling has found adequate expressions in the various journals. Upon this subject, the *Advertiser* says:

"The French architect, Mansard, is liable to have some injustice done to him by our careless way of speaking of the work which bears his name. The peculiarity of his roof was the curve which he gave to a style of roof-structure much older than himself of which our ancient gambrel roof was one modification. The Mansard curve is, we believe, now little used, and is not in favor with architects generally. But the name sticks to the kind of roof which he only modified, without regard to the shape, or to the materials of which it is made. Now, it is certain that the real Mansard roof, built of iron or of incombustible wood, might not be objectionable on account of any peculiar exposure from fire, and also that the innumerable modifications, which Mansard himself would never have recognized, built of inflammable materials, and beyond the reach of ordinary engines, are the real offenders in our case, against which every citizen who wishes to sleep in peace and security should wage unceasing war."

But these expressions are quite mild, compared with those of the *Post*, which cries "Down with the Mansards," in this vigorous style:

"Looking over what there remains of Boston, one marvels that the fire did not go on forever. A view

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from the housetop reveals a forest of Mansard roofs, stretching up angles and towers, and cornices of seasoned wood, like so many hands rapacious to clutch the flames. Tawdry with meretricious products of the jig-saw and the machine lathe, incrustated with a profusion of jumbled ornaments chiselled out of white pine, and supported by wondrously wrought pillar and capital, and frieze of the same material, they sit atop of lordly granite blocks, like the old man of the sea, to ride them to the death. Each paltry scroll offers a position for the flying brand to rest and be fanned into flame. Each boss, each panel, and each individual outrage of architectural detail that fondly clings to the Mansard roof presents a seat for the spark borne on the wind, and a veritable coign of vantage for the long leaping flames. Once grasped, the fire will not leave the Mansard for a deluge, but revels and riots there, and sends out fresh emissaries of destruction to the detestable kindred far and wide. The thousands who enjoyed the mournful privilege of witnessing the great fire of November 9th, saw the Mansard in its glory. Far up in a Mansard roof, beyond the reach of the hardest puffing engine, the fire first asserted its power. It spread along over the stout granite beneath. It leaped the streets and licked up a block of Mansards on the other side. From housetop to housetop it sped, compelling all beneath it to aid in the chase, until the name of the architect of Louis XIV. was written in the shattered and smoking ruins of Boston's noblest edifices. An acre of pine wood goes to make the Mansard roof of one of our fine modern blocks, and a

fine fire it makes. This is no fancy or prejudice, and we rejoice to learn that the property owners are taking measures to insure the absence of this abomination in any structures to be erected on their land. There is little to be said for the Mansard as regards architectural beauty, when constructed in the cheap and tawdry manner usual; and if these roofs may not be built of honest and enduring material, as is the case of that now going up on the new post office, we doubt not that the community will join in the cry of 'Down with the Mansards!'"

*The Relief Movement.*

The Relief Bureau, in the Chardon street City Building, found more business than it expected. About five hundred people were receiving aid. Nearly every case was one of utter destitution, but all that the greater part of the sufferers asked was time. They were mostly of the sturdy working class, and so soon as they got a lift could abundantly take care of themselves. The applications was for food, clothing, or furniture, and these were promptly granted. The members of the Bureau estimate that at least 4,000 people had been deprived of homes, and that the greater portion of those, with many others, would be forced to apply to them for aid during a large part of the approaching winter. The total number of killed in the fire is given as only nine, five of whom are unknown. But this is probably an under-estimate, for there are a number of missing men and children, who, it is generally believed,

perished in the fire, or are buried under the ruins. The number of seriously and slightly injured was stated to be not over a dozen or fifteen. One of the seriously injured firemen, Albert C. Abbott, of Charlestown, was to have been married on Thanksgiving day: his brother, Louis Porter Abbott, was missing, and was supposed to be buried in the ruins on Washington street. He left three little children in the care of his aged and widowed mother.

*Aid from Abroad to be Accepted.*

The Citizen's Relief Committee, at their meeting rejected a resolution, offered by Mr. Gray, the President, declaring that while the City of Boston was profoundly grateful to the people of all parts of the country who had extended their sympathy, and tendered their assistance to it in its calamity, it is able to recover from its great loss without assistance from abroad. Mr. Gray, in moving the resolution, said, that when the telegram of the Mayor was sent to the Mayors of other cities on Monday, informing them that pecuniary assistance would be gratefully received, the extent of the calamity was not known, and the ability of the city to meet it was not comprehended. The objection to the passage of the resolution was mainly made by Nathan Matthews, Mayor Gaston, Josiah Quincy, and others, who contended that the merchants of the city cannot afford to relieve the sufferers, and consequently relief must come from abroad. A substitute resolution, announcing that

pecuniary aid would be gratefully received, was almost unanimously passed, and an Executive Committee was appointed to take charge of the funds received. Committees from Philadelphia, Chicago, and other western cities were present. The Chicago Committee insisted that its hundred thousand dollars should be accepted, whether the resolution rejecting aid was passed or not.

*Aid to be Accepted.*

The following resolution was passed at the meeting of the Citizens' Relief Committee:

*Resolved*, That the Committee on behalf of the citizens of Boston return most sincere and hearty thanks to their fellow-citizens, in all parts of the Union, for the warm expressions of sympathy which have been tendered at this time of calamity, and for the friendly offers of pecuniary aid which they have made, and that their friendly offers be and they are hereby accepted.

(Signed,)

WM. GRAY, *Chairman*.

The resolution to accept contributions from other cities will afford immediate relief to many poor families who lost their all, and to thousands of persons thrown out of employment. The noble generosity exhibited all over the country is calling forth thanksgiving from thousands of grateful hearts.

## THE STARTLING NEWS.

*How it was received throughout the Country.*

The news of the terrible blow which had fallen on the greatest of the old New England cities was received throughout the entire breadth of the land with incredulity at first; but as the full truth of the frightful disaster broke upon the people, all were aroused as by an earthquake. Men in every city rushed to their places of business to learn if they had lost their all. The papers were read with even quarrelsome avidity to find what and how much had been destroyed. The hotels, the clubs, the telegraph offices were filled with excited beings, all brimming over with one absorbing topic. The insurance companies opened their offices as on week days, and, in fact, the scene in every section was one universal pandemonium, in which self-interest was all predominant.

*In New York,*

on Sunday, the 10th, the startling intelligence created the wildest excitement, which was largely intensified by later despatches announcing that the entire city of Boston was threatened with destruction. Hundreds who had before on previous Sabbaths resorted to the

churches to listen to the eloquent dissertations of their popular clergyman, for once gave him the cut direct, and, instead of devoutly wending their way to their plush-covered pews, hurried to the newspaper offices in anticipation of later particulars. The bulletin boards had a large number of readers, and the lobbies of the hotels presented an appearance of life and activity seldom equalled on the Sabbath. Persons who had friends in the stricken city, without waiting for their steaks, swallowed their coffee hurriedly and repaired to the telegraph offices to communicate with them by means of electricity, and the look of anxiety that was visible on their countenances clearly showed that such a catastrophe as that which had fallen upon the Hub thrilled the hearts of thousands in sister cities. The general remark was "Great God, this is fearful! When will our turn come? The fire god has laid Chicago and Boston under contribution. Will it be New York, Philadelphia or Washington next?" The vicinity of the telegraph office was the centre of attraction for the masses, and the struggling for place and position near the desks was as fierce and as violent as though each man's life depended upon getting his despatch to the operator. Indeed, at one time, late in the evening, the anxious ones, whose all in the world probably depended upon the direction the fire had taken since the night previous, and who were desirous to learn independently of the newspapers what hope was really left them, fought among themselves like crazy men to get their despatches off first. It was in vain that the operatives protested that they already

had hundreds of despatches lying on their desks awaiting their turn; no one would take "No" for an answer, and every one insisted—some with wild profanity, others pleadingly, almost with tears in their eyes—that his particular despatch was the first handed in and should consequently be sent first. While chairs were being overturned, and the general confusion made worse confounded by the struggling of the crowds, certain of the operatives were busily engaged in calling out the names of those persons for whom they had received despatches from Boston. It was really painful to see with what brutal violence each one whose name was called, and who happened to be present, dashed his way through the crowd, and to witness the wild, eager look that came over his countenance as he nervously tore open the envelope, and with staring eye and bated breath glanced over the contents. One only had to watch the faces of these men to learn where the hope was crushed, and where ruin was beyond a doubt.

### *In Philadelphia*

the picture presented was as sad and startling as that to be seen when the Queen City of the West was being reduced to ashes. So startling in connection with Boston above all cities, had been the first rumor of a gigantic fire sweeping up within its colossal arms of flame, the interests not only of individuals, but of an entire city, that the first impulse was astonishment, then, soon after, came the second impulse of curiosity.



Then came that sympathy that, in our American Republic, springs in the presence of a great misfortune—that co-holds the throne with curiosity, and that finally ends in that grand exhibit of national generosity which, sooner or later, flows to relieve the ruin of a sister American city and the wants of a sister American community. It would not be easy to calculate the number of people stopping at the bulletin-boards, the crowd generally would be too large for all to see within a reasonable time. Then came the reading aloud. Sometimes, at the board, or at the corners it was one who knew Boston. To-day such an one's words were golden. When he vouchsafed a remark as to the character of the burned district—as to the safety of certain parts of the city well known to himself—as to the probability that certain prominent commercial firms and business firms, known only to himself, were in the fire-limits, or had barely escaped them, the crowd listened as unto a prophet. The more intimately acquainted he was with the highways and byways of the city, the more reverently he was listened to. It was cheap to get up a corner-reputation just then. Say only that you knew where Summer, Federal, State, Washington, and Bedford streets were, and you had the crowd stationary *in transitu*. There were many that held the throng in this manner. Others there were, however, who, knowing Boston well, revealed a darker tale. They belonged to the city; their families were there. Mere curiosity did not move them, but an active, keenly anxious interest in the blow that

has struck a great city with which we are affiliated in the "hooks of steel" of a common nationality.

The comments on the streets began generally with the great fire of Chicago in 1871. One must always have in real life as in algebra, some known quantity to begin with. The moment the first reports of the Boston fire were announced, people began to speak of Chicago. That fire had been so lately devastating a great city of the West, that when another fire began, no one knew how, gathering its forces no one could tell whence, struck the great city of the extreme northeast, the public mind at one quick bound connected the two. People talked of the association in the streets, and when walking along. It beats the Chicago fire, seemed generally the impression. Among the insurance men the anxiety was painful to behold. Most of the large offices held behind their closed doors a number of frightened officers, from presidents down through the various grades of vice presidents, actuaries, directors, and even clerks, all having a moneyed interest in the despatches arriving from the stricken city. Chestnut street and the Continental Hotel were crowded with men representing this line of business. Among the dealers in money the general fear was expressed that the banks and money lenders would enact the same ill-advised role of last year, viz.: the sudden and universal demand upon their debtors to pay at once, and to the uttermost farthing, what they owed. This course, which increased the widespread disaster which necessarily ensued upon the Chicago fire, without attaining any corresponding good end, was

feared and deprecated. It was clearly to be seen that the great fire had touched the city to the heart. Filled with sympathy with one of the historic cities of the Union, deeply feeling the loss to human life and the destruction of property, whether meeting on the street or in the places of assembly, the citizens, in breathing a wish for the security of Boston, had not forgotten the prayer that the woful calamity of fire might not fall upon their own city of Philadelphia.

*In Washington*

the entire community were startled by the news of the conflagration. Men rushed wildly through the streets, and the desire to learn further particulars was intense, especially among citizens of Massachusetts, including Secretary Boutwell. Hundreds of them during the day thronged the offices of the telegraph companies in pursuit of further intelligence. Maps of the city of Boston were produced in order to trace the limits of the burned district, and the explanations given by those familiar with the locality—Secretary Boutwell among the number—increased the general interest. Crowds also gathered at the hotels where the despatches received from time to time were the subject of comment. The excitement was at least as great as at the time of the Chicago fire. Extras, giving the latest details, were issued by the leading newspapers, and were eagerly purchased by all classes of the community.

*In Chicago,*

only thirteen months ago herself almost laid in ashes, the fated news from the Queen of Massachusetts and New England was received with feelings of deep sympathy and profound regret.

The confirmation of the dire intelligence caused universal excitement. Crowds of citizens thronged the sidewalks and besieged the newspaper offices. The Chicago Bostonian element, numbering several thousands, felt the blow with even keener force than those who were not natives of the doomed city. The disaster was discussed in all its forms, local, general, monetary and commercial. Insurance men, merchants, builders, bankers and grain shippers paused aghast at the frightful spectacle of another American emporium swept into utter ruin thirteen months after the burning of old Chicago. Men said that war could hardly have brought more destruction along with it, and the causes which, in a solidly built city, could have led to so tremendous a catastrophe. In a word, the disaster brought back to every mind the awful days of Chicago's own fiery trial, and it required little effort of the imagination to picture the blazing roofs, the exploding walls, the waters of river and bay lurid with the furious flames, the overwhelming gale, sweeping the shoals of sparks and cinders in its track, the burning shipping, the tolling of the alarm bell, the vain efforts of police and firemen, the affrighted populace flying in disordered mass before that irresistible foe, the ruined merchants

and the outlying fire departments crowding into the suburbs to aid their Boston brethren in fighting back the flames. The ninth of October, 1871, seemed to come again, and, with that coming arose in the minds of the Chicago citizens grateful memories of the generous deeds of Massachusetts' capital in the day of their affliction. The hotels were thronged and maps were everywhere in requisition, while each telegram that arrived, mentioned old land marks forever swept away. The trains going east were filled with New Englanders, hurrying to their much-loved metropolis, to aid, by work and word, the thousands of their friends made, for the time being at least, desolate, if not desponding.

*In Indianapolis.*

the tidings of the terrible calamity caused universal sadness. But there was one class of citizens to whom the subject was one of deep personal interest. The representatives of the large Eastern fire insurance companies heard the news with blanched cheeks and fast beating hearts, for who of them could tell how their companies, already crippled by the Chicago fire, would bear this fresh blow? And the business men of the city generally reflected with no pleasant feelings upon the effects of the probable withdrawal of the vast capital which these companies have invested. These and similar reflections contributed to deepen the general gloom, and Indianapolis was a sad city.

*In Detroit*

the news caused almost as great excitement on the streets as did the Chicago fire. Although the citizens of Detroit generally, are not so familiar with Boston as with Chicago, there are, nevertheless, very many who have personal friends there, and are more or less acquainted with the city, and many more who have business relations with the merchants of Boston. Detroit is more intimately connected with Boston in business relations than with almost any other city on the continent. Aside from the thrilling and terrible nature of the catastrophe, it was natural, then, that the people should feel an intense interest. The particulars were eagerly read, and produced a great excitement. The terrible nature of the catastrophe was the subject of comment by most of the ministers on Sunday, in their sermons, and a shadow of profound anxiety and sorrow rested upon every face. Early in the day, crowds of people besieged the telegraph and newspaper offices for further particulars. But such news as was received rather tended to increase than to allay the excitement, which soon rose to fever heat. Never before or since, except on the receipt of the news of the assassination of President Lincoln and of the Chicago fire, was seen such a profound sensation and such painful anxiety. Throughout the entire day the streets in the vicinity of the telegraph offices and the bulletin boards were thronged with an eager, surging crowd.

*In Hartford*

crowds thronged through the streets, flocking around the bulletin boards, the most eager curiosity depicted on their countenances. Business men were almost wild, for well they knew that the great insurance interests of Hartford were again put to the test; persons holding insurance stocks were seriously affected, and seized with avidity upon every fresh piece of news that arrived. The feeling was even more intense, if possible, than at the time of the Chicago fire, because then there was a sense of security felt in all the companies, which had large surpluses; but now the companies were but just rallying from the terrible losses of that great fire, and there was more uncertainty felt. Besides, stockholders became all the more nervous in consequence of not being able to ascertain whether the companies were largely interested or not in Boston risks.

*In Springfield, Massachusetts,*

on the night when the flame first burst forth to soon sweep away block after block, despatches floated across the wires every few minutes, detailing the rapid march of the fire demon, and the deepest sympathy was expressed by all, as one well known street after another was known to have been left a mass of ruins. Telegraph repairers, with all the wire and tools they could lay hands on, were sent forward by the Young Owl train. At four o'clock Sunday morning the wires ceased working, and did not resume until after the

company's office at Boston had been abandoned, and new connections were made and a temporary office had been opened in another part of the city. About ten o'clock the bulletin boards announced to the early church-goers the startling facts of the fire, and for the remainder of the day eager crowds blockaded the sidewalk, and at times the streets, anxious to learn what friend and relative had been ruined and how fared the fight. At the churches strong amens responded to fervent prayers that the progress of the devouring element might be stayed.

Firemen and insurance agents dashed excited about the streets, the former snuffing their enemy afar off, and only restrained by the wisdom of their chief from a general stampede to the fire. As the train arrived at the Boston depot, the depot was thronged; men struggled to get on the cars only to be pushed off on the other side of the platform; the train men were bewildered by a thousand meaningless questions, and the commotion and roar of the multitude drowned even the noise of the train. Still the spirit of Chicago animated the sufferers of Boston, and more men laughed than cried or looked sad, from the revulsion of the tremendous calamity. Since the war there was no such scene witnessed.

In every other city of the Union the excitement was intense. The insurance men, the investors in Boston real estate, the financial men, and the residents absent at the time, were beyond doubt the most alarmed, and will never care to remember the calamity only as a horrible dream.



*We have issued two beautiful Chromo-Lithographs,  
"Companion Pictures," size, 19x24 inches.*

*One, The City of*

# CHICAGO AS IT WAS,

AND THE OTHER

## CHICAGO IN FLAMES.

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These are correct views of the ill fated City of Chicago; one, representing the city as it appeared before the fire; and the other, on the nights of October 8th and 9th, 1871, when wrapped in flames. These pictures, as gems of art, cannot be surpassed, drawn and executed by Duval & Hunter, who are so widely known throughout the country as the very best chromo-lithographers in the United States. We have in the first of these pictures the **CITY OF CHICAGO**, looking from the lake, as she stood in all her glory, the wonder of the world. Here we see her magnificent buildings, great grain elevators, immense passenger and freight depots of the railroads that centre there, whose vast net-work of rails cover the city and environs like a huge grid-iron. We see the city as it was and will never appear again, for in this age of advancement, new Chicago will be vastly different from the old, which makes this view of her past glory all the more valuable.

**THE CITY OF CHICAGO IN FLAMES** is awfully grand. There is always grandeur in a large fire, though it be attended with loss of life, destruction of property, and consequent misery. Fire is our greatest enemy, when allowed to get beyond our control; likewise our best friend, when we are able to keep it within its proper limit. How awfully grand was this the greatest conflagration of modern times, when, in a few hours, five miles of the doomed city were swept away, millions of dollars worth of property destroyed, hundreds of the inhabitants burned to death, thousands rendered homeless and penniless, who a few hours before were living in affluence. No one can picture all the misery that has been cast upon the people of Chicago, or form any idea of the immensity of this great calamity, but those who saw and experienced it. From this picture we get a clear idea of this destruction, "sketched by an artist who was an eye-witness." Here we see the devouring element reaching forth its outstretched arms and lapping up with lurid tongue the great city; first, house by house, and this not satisfying its thirst for destruction, it laps up block after block of the most magnificent buildings in the world, which are crumbled and crushed by this great monster until the most valuable portion of the city is a heap of smouldering ruins.

These views are invaluable as souvenirs of the greatest fire that ever visited any city of the known world. The publishers feel, in presenting these beautiful chromos, that they are furnishing that which every family will desire to possess, and have issued them in a convenient and handsome size, on paper 19x24 inches, at the following low prices:

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BY JAS W. SHEAHAN AND GEO. P. UPTON,  
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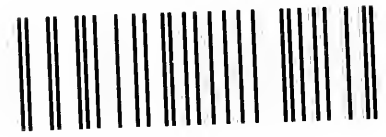




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